

THE A-TEAM
ACT ONE

FADE IN

EXT. SAN RIO BLANCO - DAY

We are high in a church bell tower, SHOOTING down to the deserted street of an ancient Mexican town. PROMINENT in the SHOT is the huge cast iron bell. From this vantage point we see, through shimmering heat waves, that a dirt road dissects the little mountain village and winds lazily toward the mountains in the west. There is no sound except for the persistent keening insects. Play this for several long beats and then we begin to detect another sound... At first we almost don't hear it. Our CAMERA begins a slow descent along the side of the bell tower, still FRAMING the road as it drops. The NOISE becomes louder as we begin to identify it as the sound of ten or fifteen engines. Then, slowly, over the rise of the hill, distorted by the heat waves, we see three columns of jeeps approaching. Most of the jeeps have been mounted with fifty caliber machine guns. Each jeep carries two or three men. They ROAR toward CAMERA and finally enter the town. The lead jeep is carrying a fat, grizzled man with bandoleros across his chest. CAMERA continues its drop to within about two feet of the ground. As it hits its position, the jeeps come to a rumbling stop on top of us. The engine NOISE now dominates the atmosphere. Play this for several long beats and:

CLOSE SHOT - LEAD JEEP

The man we singled out is now standing up in his jeep. He has a deep scar across his cheek and he glistens with sweat. A sombrero hangs on his back by a string. This is MALAVIDA VALDEZ. The other jeeps pull up in a semi circle with their engines IDLING. Thirty Mexican bandits, all armed with automatic weapons, stand waiting for his command as he looks up the dusty street for a long beat.

SHOT OF THE TOWN

The windows are boarded up, the doors are all closed.

MALAVIDA

When he speaks he screams with anger.

MALAVIDA

(Mexican accent)

You think Malavida Valdez is a woman with no teeth!? You think he can be spit on by Gringos and peasant boys?! Is this the way you pay back a person who has loved you like his own sangre?

The street remains quiet.

MALAVIDA

Hey mis hijos... it is not too late. Give to me Al Massey. Give to me this gringo snake who stirs the wind with his stinking breath. Give him to me now!

He looks up the empty street. No answer. No sound from the town. Malavida looks at another man in the jeep next to him. This man's name is PACO, and he weighs almost 300 pounds. He nods at Paco who turns his A.R. 15 automatic rifle in the direction of the bell tower and FIRES a long burst.

ANGLE - THE BELL

The hollow-point slugs bounce off the bell, RINGING it loudly and angrily as the sounds of the bell mix with the high WHINE of RICOCHETING bullets.

MALAVIDA

Come out or I will hang your gutless men and feel the warmth of your daughters while your ugly sows pour my wine.

He nods at Paco who strafes the street with bullets shattering glass and digging holes into the white adobe. He stops firing and while the sound is still an ECHO, the door of the house in front of Malavida opens and an old, sun-baked, white-bearded man steps out hesitantly. His name is ENRIQUE SALIZON, mayor of San Rio Blanco. He looks up at Malavida, his expression is pleading. Doors now are opening all up and down the street and peasants stand hesitantly in the thresholds.

ENRIQUE

Please, jefe. Please. We are just poor farmers. We give you everything.

MALAVIDA

I want Al Massey. Where is he? Where do you hide this gringo pig?

Nothing from Enrique. Malavida glances at Paco, a three hundred pound greaseball, then he looks back at Enrique.

MALAVIDA

Paco is requesting the pleasure of your youngest granddaughter.

ENRIQUE

No! No!

MALAVIDA

(to Paco)

He says it would give him a great honor, amigo. Toma la chica.

Paco laughs and jumps off the jeep and runs into the house. Enrique tries to stop him and he is pushed down. In seconds a beautiful eighteen-year-old Mexican girl is being dragged by the hair out into the street.

MALAVIDA

(laughing)

He is one with the ladies, no? Hey, Paco, ask this peasant whore where is Al Massey.

He doesn't have to. Her eyes dart toward a barn at the end of the street. Malavida motions and two or three jeeps peel off in the direction of the barn.

INT. BARN - DAY - AL MASSEY

He is now sixty-five. He has thickly corded forearms and a shock of snow white hair. He's just finished hooking up a battery cable in a grey, fifty-five Chevy pick-up truck with no doors. Also in the barn is EMANUAL CORTEZ, a young Mexican, about twenty-five or six. We can tell from his clothes that he is from the city... button-down shirt, etc. The SOUND of approaching jeeps grows louder.

MASSEY

Get outta here, Manny. Hide. He doesn't know about you.

MANNY

He'll find out. These people are frightened. They'll tell.

MASSEY

(climbing into truck)

I'm not taking ya, kiddo. I already got my story and I'm gonna write it. And I don't share my by-lines.

Manny moves to the side of the truck and snatches up a twenty-two rifle, single shot and jumps into the cab of the truck.

MANNY

Sure you do. Now let's git before there's no gittin'.

Then we hear the SOUND of fifty caliber machine gun fire and the interior of the barn explodes with RICOCHETING bullets, several slugs PING off the old Chevy truck and whine angrily away.

MALAVIDA'S VOICE

Hey, Meester Massey, how 'bout you come out now, before I set fire to this whole stinking town?

EXT. BARN - ON MALAVIDA

He is standing behind the fifty caliber machine gun.

MALAVIDA

We talk, Meester Massey. You will see that I am poor country man... a lover of life, a hunter of rabbits, a singer of songs. We will talk. You come out. Okay?

INT. BARN

Al gets the truck running as Manny jacks the first twenty-two slug into the single shot rifle.

MASSEY

If this jerk hunts rabbits, it's probably with hand grenades. Hold on, pal, here goes nothin'. Adios, kiddo.

And he hits the gear, pops the clutch and the truck lurches out of the barn.

EXT. BARN - DAY

The truck EXPLODES through the old wooden doors and out into the street amidst a clatter of MACHINE GUN fire.

ANGLE - THE TRUCK - DAY

It almost hits Malavida who is standing in front of the barn. He dives out of the way, losing his hat and rolling up, a big, hideous grin on his face.

MALAVIDA

Ole, muchacho.

And he dives into his jeep and gives chase.

EXT. ROAD OUT OF TOWN - DAY

The truck hi-balls past CAMERA, followed perhaps a hundred yards back by the first of the jeeps.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

Massey drives for all he's worth and Manny begins to fire out the back window of the truck.

ANGLE - THE PURSUING JEEPS - DAY

The front tire of one of the lead jeeps gets one of Manny's bullets and it slews sideways and rolls end over end, throwing its three occupants in all directions.

CLOSE SHOT - MALAVIDA VALDEZ - DAY

He passes the upside-down jeep and takes the lead, FIRING with the machine gun and LAUGHING hysterically. He is truly nuts, adrenalized by the action.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

as the Chevy pickup with fenders RATTLING, hits the ascending mountain road, and slows down slightly.

INT. TRUCK

MASSEY
Ain't gonna make it.

MANNY
Shut up and keep driving!

He fires another SHOT.

ANGLE - CURVE IN ROAD

After they round the curve, there is a second or two when they are out of sight of the pursuing Jeeps. Al Massey seizes this moment.

MASSEY
Adios, kiddo.

He pushes Manny Cortez hard, tumbling him out of the truck.

ANGLE - MANNY CORTEZ

He rolls down the hill, out of sight of the approaching Jeeps. As Manny stops his roll, his head pops up and he

can hear the Jeeps and the insane laughter of Malavida Valdez fading in the distance.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The truck comes to a part of the road that is washed out and slows to a stop. The Jeeps roar in behind him and Malavida and the others FIRE at the tires and the truck is instantly sitting on its rims. Massey climbs out of the truck and looks at the Jeeps parked in a semi-circle around him.

MASSEY

Does the tourist bureau know you're out here shooting up these sleepy little towns?

MALAVIDA

You make a big mistake with me, chingado. How many people you tell about me?

MASSEY

Go to the next window. I'm closed.

MALAVIDA

Why you come down here? Huh? Why?

MASSEY

I'm on vacation.

Play the beat and:

SMASH CUT:

CLOSE SHOT - AMY ALLEN - DAY

AMY

(screaming)

He is not on vacation!

WIDEN to show that we are in the EDITOR'S OFFICE of the L.A. Courier-Express. AMY ALLEN is twenty-five, pretty and smoking mad. The object of her anger is GRANT ELDRIDGE, her managing editor. Eldridge is a fifty-year-old workaholic with huge hands and a belly going to seed. He is matching her yell for yell.

ELDRIDGE

Who the hell cares? He's on vacation, he's not. Last year we sent him to cover the French election. Did I get a story? Did I? No. He ends up lushed out of his gourd in Costa del Sol. The paper eats twenty grand in expenses and Massey never files a word.

AMY

That's not the point.

ELDRIDGE

No. The point is you're all over the road, Allen. (snatches up telegrams) Look... look... (sorting through them) Mexican Embassy complains you threatened them... special requests of Senator Billings' office... using this paper to stir up trouble with the U.S. Senate and the Mexican Government...

AMY

I was trying to find out what happened to him. They claim he never entered Mexico. Dammit, Grant, doesn't this rag have a responsibility to protect its reporters on assignment?

Eldridge gets out of his chair and looks at her, seething with anger.

ELDRIDGE

Don't you give me a lecture on journalistic responsibility. I was slamming adjectives up against nouns before you were on solid food! If you're lookin' t'get fired, you're real close.

AMY

You can fire me, but you can't abdicate your responsibility to a reporter on the field. He was down there, trying to get a story for this paper. Something happened to him. He's missing. I don't believe you're willing to forget it.

Eldridge leans in and, with controlled fury, he glares into her blue eyes.

ELDRIDGE

Well, start believing it. For the last three months I've put a -30- on everything that's come out of his typewriter. Al Massey has been doing wheels-up landings around here for over a year. I'm tired of scraping him off the front steps.

AMY

His wife died. He's been depressed.

ELDRIDGE

I've been carrying him, but I'm through. He's gonna show up in a couple of weeks wearin' a lampshade at a bullfight. I'm not gonna spend any more of this paper's money on that lost cause, and I'll be damned if I'm gonna let you use the influence of this paper to rattle windows. Got it?!

She stands there, breathing hard.

AMY

He's my friend.

ELDRIDGE

You need some time off, Allen. I'm suspending you on half pay for two weeks. You're a good reporter, but you gotta find out how to stop sitting on your brains. Turn your feature stuff over to Mark and file your filler before you leave.

AMY

Just like that.

ELDRIDGE

Get out, honey, before I pull your plug all the way.

She looks at him, then snatches up a file from the desk and moves out of the office.

ANGLE - AMY

After she SLAMS THE DOOR, she looks up.

INT. CITY ROOM - HER POV

They are all looking at her. Obviously they've heard the whole thing. After a beat, they start APPLAUDING. She stands there, awkwardly. Then BILL ZACHERY, a man

in his mid-twenties with inch thick lenses in his horn rims, moves up to her. Everybody calls him "Zach".

ZACK

Somebody had to say it.

The door behind her opens and Grant Eldridge exits and the room immediately goes back to work. FOLLOW as Amy moves down the aisle, between the desks along with Zack. A few people look up as she passes, giving her the high sign or a thumbs up... but she is out of work and they aren't... She just nods back as she and Zack pass.

ZACK

That was really great, telling that fat-head about journalistic responsibility.

AMY

Did you find Massey's research notes, Zach? Did he file any copy?

Now they are at a staircase heading down.

ZACK

Nothing. But I took the liberty of stopping by his house. I did a little second story work when I was on the Miami Herald. I'm a killer with louvered windows. I went through his apartment last night and I pulled this file out from under his mattress.

He folds it out and almost greedily she takes it and opens it.

INSERT THE FILE

There is nothing in it but a slip of paper with a phone number on it, and a name: "Manny Cortez," and a number: "3576". The index tab says: "San Rio Blanco".

AMY

She looks up.

AMY

Manny Cortez... San Rio Blanco... Is this a phone number?

ZACK

I think so. I looked up San Rio Blanco. It's a town way up in the hills above Acapulco.

She looks at him for a long beat.

AMY

What about the other thing? The Commando Team, or whatever... Did you find out anything more about them?

ZACH

(a beat)

I told ya, kid, it's rumor. Strictly rumor. Mike Kelly tried to trace that story six months ago, before he got sacked, but he couldn't even prove they existed. There was a rumor they broke some Senator's kid out of a Turkish prison. It's all real vague how the kid got out. Dead endsville.

AMY

"The A-Team," that's what he called them.

ZACK

Soldiers of Fortune. Outriders. Counterculture nutburgers who'll do anything, anywhere. That was the rumor. Kelly had a theory on who they were. But, like I said, he ran out of leads, and the whole mess ended up in my Research library.

AMY

I've tried all the conventional techniques. (a grin) I think I'm down to the counterculture nutburgers. Let's go.

They WIPE FRAME and we:

CUT TO:

CLOSE SHOT - MANILA FILE

as it is opened. Zack is pulling news clippings out of it. He hands one INTO CAMERA and it reads:

THREE MAN COMMANDO TEAM
COMMITTS HANOI BANK
ROBBERIES.

ZACK'S VOICE

These guys knocked over the Bank of Hanoi. Four days after the Vietnam war ended, they wandered out of the DMZ with a hundred million yen and got busted by the Army. Nobody knew anything about the mission.

WIDEN to find that we are in:

INT. PAPER RESEARCH LIBRARY - DAY

Zach and Amy are in the room which is cluttered with file cabinets.

ZACH

They claim they were under orders from some Colonel named Morrison. But Morrison took a round in one of the last shellings. His headquarters burned to the ground. No records of the mission were found. The Hanoi government was screaming bloody murder. The Pentagon was promising to court martial them... it was a big stink. Before the trial, they went over the wall and disappeared. That was ten years ago.

Amy looks at Zach for a long beat and taps the file folder on her thumb.

AMY

And they're still wanted?

ZACK

Yeah. There's a guy in here, a Colonel named Lynch... he ran the prison in Fort Bragg...

He shuffles in another file cabinet and pulls out a picture of Col. Lynch, a tight-ass, middle-aged guy who, on sight, we will dislike.

ZACK

This guy is still trying to find them. It's kinda a vendetta for him, but they disappeared ten years ago and, like I said, they aren't taking out any ads.

Amy looks at Zack for a beat and a small smile appears.

AMY

Okay, Zach, I'm sufficiently intrigued.
So, who are they?

Zach opens another folder with photographs in it.

ZACK

The leader is a Colonel named John
Smith, but everybody calls him
'Hannibal.' They guy has a real
unorthodox style.

He hands her a photo of a good-looking man with a
wolfish twinkle in his eye.

AMY

Not bad. Where'd he come from?

ZACK

Nobody knows... the midwest. Even the
army doesn't have much on him, which is
kinda strange all by itself.

AMY

Terrific. Who else?

He hands her a photo of B.A. Baracus complete with
Mohawk.

ZACK

Bosco Baracus... known as 'B.A.', for
'Bad Attitude." Best field infantry
mechanic in Nam. He's a mechanical
genius, but he's got one of the worst
conduct records in the army... he likes
to slug officers.

He hands her a picture of a strikingly handsome young
man about her own age.

AMY

This is more like it.

ZACK

Templeton Peck, know as 'The Face Man.'
In and out of trouble. An orphan from
L.A. This guy is Mister Ricky-Ticky...
a con man... a real operator.

She looks up.

ZACH

That's the unit. But, like I said, who knows where they are. Kelly couldn't get any more than a rumor. Not facts. Eldridge killed it. And it's been in the morgue for six months.

She looks at him for a beat.

AMY

I wonder where they are now?

GO IN on her look and begin a

SLOW DISSOLVE THROUGH TO:

EXT. SMALL LAKE - DAY

The ANGLE IS LOW, SHOOTING across the still, flat water. BIRDS SING in the b.g. A gentle breeze ruffles the leaves. As we watch, the surface of this lake is broken by something coming up from the bottom. Two horrible eyes appear, then a lizard snout a yard long... huge teeth dripping gunk. A monstrous creature is coming out of the lake. Perhaps eight feet tall. It lunges forward in Frankenstein hideousness, then it lets out a deep, guttural ROAR, coming closer and closer to CAMERA, its webbed feet SLAPPING the damp ground. In the b.g., over the monster's shoulder, we see a car roaring down a dirt road, throwing up a trail of dirt... and we HEAR:

DIRECTOR'S VOICE

(angry)

Cut! Cut! Who the hell is that?

WIDEN to show that this is a movie company shooting on the backlot at Universal. The Monster relaxes on the cut, putting his scaly hands on his hips. The DIRECTOR, a goateed man about forty, moves up to an ASSISTANT. All eyes are turning to the car that ruined the shot. It is roaring down the road toward the small back-lot lake.

DIRECTOR

Where'd that moron come from?!
(snatches up a walkie-talkie) Hey, Mike, don't we have an A.D. up on that road to hold traffic?

MIKE'S VOICE

(filtered)

Sorry, Jerry. Our screw-up. We'll get a guy up there.

The Director shakes his head in anger.

DIRECTOR

Come on, come on, people... let's be alert. Okay? We're losing the light, here.

The director turns to the slimy monster who is looking at the car.

DIRECTOR

Johnny... I want thirty seconds under water. Thirty seconds after 'Action'. You're popping up like the rubber duck in my kid's bathtub.

The monster speaks through the ugly rubber head.

MONSTER (JOHN HANNIBAL SMITH)

Thirty seconds? You nuts!? I gotta stay down there two minutes to let the water get still... then thirty seconds after that?

The car is now rounding the corner at the edge of the lake, heading at fifty miles an hour toward the movie company. As it gets closer, we see that it's an old Nash Rambler convertible with the top down and two men in the front seat.

DIRECTOR

(to monster)

Hey, pal, that's the job. We woulda got Laurence Olivier, but he didn't fit in the suit, so we settled for you. Your agent said you could stay down for three and a half minutes. In Aquamania One, we had a guy who stayed down for four minutes.

HANNIBAL (MONSTER)

Why isn't he doing it now?

DIRECTOR

He had a little brain hemorrhage... or something... I don't know. Anyway, let's go. Let's get this sucker in the can. Back in the drink, chickie. Same shot. Camera, position one.

Right about now the Nash Rambler slows to a stop at the edge of the water.

ANGLE - THE CAR

Seated behind the wheel is B.A. Baracus. He still has his head shaved in the Mohawk and he still looks mean and angry as hell. Beside him, in the passenger seat, is TEMPLETON PECK (THE Face Man). Peck jumps over the door and heads, at a run, toward the company.

FACE MAN

I'm looking for John Smith.

The monster is halfway back into the water as he turns and sees Face Man Peck.

FACE MAN

John? John? Where are ya, John?

HANNIBAL

Here.

The monster comes out of the water. The Director is smoking.

DIRECTOR

Get back in the lake! Who do ya think y'are? Gloria Swanson? Let's go. I'm on a tight clock here!

FACE MAN

He's on us, Hannibal. Col. Lynch. He hit B.A.'s pad two hours ago with six M.P.s. They were parked out in front of my place like a buncha goonies at a supermarket opening.

HANNIBAL

How'd he trace us?

FACE MAN

I don't know. Maybe the senator's kid talked. I never thought that kid had all his lights on.

HANNIBAL

If the kid burned us, then he probably knows about me.

FACE MAN

You got it, Tonto. I think we should, like disappear.

DIRECTOR

(sarcastic)

Would the aquamaniac please tear himself away from his boyfriend and get back in the damn lake??

HANNIBAL

I got one more shot, and I'm through. Watch this. I think I got a real handle on my character, here. I'm playing him mean, but with a kinda sad reluctance.

Hannibal starts to get back in the lake.

FACE MAN

You're about to get a chance to play it for Col. Lynch.

As he points up the road and we see:

THEIR POV - FIVE GREEN M.P. CARS

streaking down the road that B.A. and Peck traveled a minute before.

SMASH CUT:

INT. LEAD M.P. CAR - COL. LYNCH

the same Col. Lynch we saw in the newsreel, only a little older and a little more bitter with the passing years. He is pointing at the monster.

LYNCH

That's him. That's John Smith. The guy in the lizard suit. Get 'im!

CLOSE SHOT - B.A.

He has the Rambler in gear now and we hear a throbbing ENGINE under the hood. There's a Corvette in there. He throws it in reverse and powers the car backwards, toward the lake, knocking down reflectors, etc., as he goes. He sticks the rear wheels in the lake so that Peck and John Smith, in full monster regalia, pile into the back seat, over the trunk.

HANNIBAL

Waldorf Astoria, driver and step on it.

B.A.

(pissed)

Funny.

He hits first gear and roars out of the lake, splashing mud all over the Director. We PAN the car past, coming to REST on the A.D.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

Hey, come back! Where's the Aquamaniac going?

ANGLE - RAMBLER - DAY

It shoots away from Falls Lake with B.A. behind the wheel, Peck and the eight-foot-tall Aquamaniac in the back seat. They roar across the road and head into the gutters of the back lot, passing a tour tram on the way.

ANGLE - TOUR TRAM

as TOURISTS raise their cameras and start taking pictures of the Aquamaniac.

KID

(in tram)

Mommie, mommie, it's the Aquamaniac!

We are SHOOTING over the kid's shoulder as he raises his camera and shoots a still of the monstrous lizard zipping by in the Rambler.

INT. RAMBLER

B.A.

I ain't gonna stop for no autograph, Hannibal.

HANNIBAL

Damn... turn right at the Western Street.

EXT. WESTERN STREET - DAY

as the Rambler roars into a cowboy set, threading its way through a shooting company, followed maybe a hundred yards back by the five M.P. cars.

ANGLE - THE RAMBLER

It comes to the end of a street, hits a ramp and flies over a small stream landing on the other side of the lake.

ANGLE - STREAM

Four of the five M.P. cars make the same ramp. The fifth goes into the lake, cutting the pursuing vehicles down by one.

SERIES OF SHOTS - BACK LOT - DAY

We will see that B.A. is a very good driver. In fact, he may be the best driver in all of L.A. He is gaining on the four pursuing M.P. cars through the EUROPEAN STREET, ramping the car through a barn on the SHILOH SET, around a corner, past JAWS. All of it is very ludicrous visually, as this eight-foot lizard sits upright in the back seat, looking like a character in The Muppet Movie. We finally arrive at:

THE RED SEA

A tram is just going through the parting sea and right on its tail is B.A., taking his direction from Hannibal Smith. The tram exits the far side of the sea and right behind it is B.A. in the Rambler.

HANNIBAL

Okay, pull up.

B.A. slows to a stop and Hannibal jumps out. With web feet flopping, he runs over to a tall hedge behind which is the machinery for the Red Sea. The manual lever is just closing. Hannibal grabs the lever, keeping the Red Sea open.

FACE MAN

Whatta ya doin', Hannibal? Pull it an' let's make some tracks!

ANOTHER ANGLE

SHOOTING past Hannibal to the Red Sea and the road on the far side. As we watch, the four remaining M.P. cars come roaring up toward the Red Sea.

INT. M.P. CAR - LYNCH

He SCREAMS at the driver:

LYNCH

Stop! Stop! Wait. What's he doing?

They screech to a stop, BANGING fenders as they do.

RESUME FACE MAN, B.A., HANNIBAL

FACE MAN

Pull it. Let's go!

B.A.

He loves the risk, the danger. He loves the jazz.

ANGLE - THE SCENE

On the far side of the Red Sea is the Rambler, with B.A. and Face Man; at the lever is the aquamaniac; on the other side is Lynch. He can see the danger of trying to get through the still-open Red Sea. Play the moments, INTERCUTTING... all the engines are running, nobody is moving. Then Hannibal Smith steps away from the lever like a ball player taking a lead off of first base... one step, two steps, three steps...

ANGLE - LYNCH

He licks his lips nervously.

LYNCH

He's daring us... (holds up hand) Hold it. Hold it. Come on, you big, ugly pile a'crud... one more step, just one more...

ANGLE - HANNIBAL SMITH

He takes one more step. He is now about ten yards from the lever. He stands there, looking at Lynch, then gives him an Italian arm salute.

SMASH CUT:

INT. LYNCH'S CAR

LYNCH

Now.

His driver floors it.

ANGLE - THE RACE

as Smith runs to the lever and Lynch and the four M.P. cars roar across the Red Sea. It's going to be close. Lynch is almost through the sea as Smith gets back to the lever.

CLOSE SHOT - THE LEVER

as Smith pulls it.

THE RED SEA

It closes in, hitting the cars. All of them are instantly up to their door jambs in water.

HANNIBAL

(calling)

I guess you ain't Moses, Colonel, but
nice try anyway...

He turns and jumps into the Rambler and they pull away,
out of the area, leaving a trail of dust behind.

ANGLE - COL. LYNCH

Up to his chin in water, hat still on. Play the beat
and:

CUT TO:

INT. RAMBLER - DAY

as it roars off the back lot. Face Man and B.A. are
looking at Smith like he's nuts which, of course, he may
be.

FACE MAN

Damn it, Hannibal... all ya hadda do
was pull the lever. What was all that
Maury Wills junk? He coulda fired a
shot or blown a wheel off of this bus.

B.A.

Ol' Hannibal loves the jazz, man... he
loves the jazz.

HANNIBAL

Come on, you guys... lighten up.
Y'gotta do these things with some
style. Don't tell me you didn't love
seein' him up to his chin in rancid
water.

B.A.

You one crazy piece a'work, sucker.

EXT. FRONT GATE OF STUDIO - DAY

as the Rambler roars past the guard gate. Hannibal
Smith in full Lizard regalia.

SCOTTY (GATE GUARD)

Goodnight, Mr. Smith.

HANNIBAL

Goodnight, Scotty.

And they roar away, up Lankershim as we:

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - DAY

B.A. pulls the car to the curb. He turns around and looks at them.

B.A.
You said we was safe, Hannibal. How'd that sucker get onto us?

HANNIBAL
I don't know. Maybe he got one of our old clients to talk. Every client we take is a risk. If they talk, we're compromised.

A kid and his MOTHER approach the car.

MOTHER
Excuse me, are you the Aquamaniac?

Hannibal turns to them.

HANNIBAL
(a touch of pride)
That's right. I am the Aquamaniac.

MOTHER
Could we have your autograph?

She hands him a piece of paper and he starts to sign.

B.A.
Y'know, I ain't havin' no fun up here. You wanna come up with something, Hannibal? I mean, we can't even go home or nothin'.

Hannibal hands the paper back to the Mother. They smile and leave.

HANNIBAL
Okay. First we gotta warn Murdock. If Lynch is onto us, he may be onto Murdock.

B.A.
Best thing that could happen is if that peanut head was t'get locked up.

HANNIBAL
He's already locked up. Anybody got a dime?

Face Man has been lost in thought. He gets a dime out of his pocket.

FACE MAN

Hey, Hannibal, when you sign those autographs, do you sign 'em "Hannibal Smith" or do you sign 'em "Aquamaniac."

HANNIBAL

I used to do Hannibal Smith, but then I got to thinking that, while I'm in costume, I'm really the Aquamaniac, so I do it that way now.

FACE MAN

Good choice.

HANNIBAL

I think so, too.

B.A.

I ain't laughin' an' you two clowns are inside my stompin' range.

Hannibal and Face Man scramble out of the car, backing away.

FACE MAN

Come on, B.A., be nice. You're just feeling tension and acute cluster anxieties. If you aren't careful, you're liable to have one of your blackouts.

B.A.

Just make the call, sucker.

HANNIBAL

Right. Okay, I'm going. I'm going.

B.A. is glowering at them as Hannibal goes to a pay phone and Face Man leans against the side of the car.

FACE MAN

So, how's your mother, B.A.? She still sending cookies? (a beat) I liked those cookies. I really liked 'em, B.A.

Nothing from B.A. except a heavy, glowering look.

FACE MAN

Hannibal like 'em too... so did Murdock. (nothing) They were great. (nothing) She's great. (nothing) You're great.

B.A. just glares. Face Man shoots him a smile as we:

CUT TO:

EXT. V.A. HOSPITAL - DAY

We HEAR A PHONE ring and an OPERATOR:

OPERATOR
Veteran's Administration Hospital.
Good afternoon.

INTERCUT: Smith on phone, still in monster regalia, but he's struggling to get the head off... ripping stitches...

HANNIBAL
(slight German accent)
May I speak to Mr. H.M. Murdock? He's
in your mental ward...

CUT TO:

CLOSE SHOT - HOWLING MAD MURDOCK

He is the same age as Face Man and B.A. He is wearing blue jeans, Adidas and a white T-shirt that has 'Napoleon' printed across the front (what a kidder). The PHONE RINGS and he snatches it up. WIDEN to show that he is in a small room with bars on the windows.

MURDOCK
(into phone)
Howling Mad Murdock here. (singing)
I've got the time, if you've got the
beer.

INTERCUT JOHN HANNIBAL SMITH IN LIZARD REGALIA

He almost has the head off.

HANNIBAL
Hey, Murdock, Lynch fell on us. He may
be heading your way. He may get real
tough.

MURDOCK
Hannibal, I got some company standing
in the hall right now. I gotta go.

HANNIBAL
I hope it's not that invisible guy...
that Shriner guy.

MURDOCK

Naw, he ain't been around since the locust attack.

HANNIBAL

(a little impatient)

Who's there, Murdock?

MURDOCK

A girl reporter. She knows I flew you guys in Nam... got it from Pentagon records.

HANNIBAL

A reporter...?

MURDOCK

Yeah. Only she says she's got a job for us, man... MEHICO. Ole, la bamba! Remember that friend I had... that guy that kept fading out... that Mexican guy?

HANNIBAL

Look, Murdock... be careful of the reporter. If it looks legit, send her to the alley behind the Kozy Kat Klub at two tonight. And be careful of Lynch. Okay?

MURDOCK

Don't worry about Col. Geek. I'll slam-dunk the sucker... an' may the Great Spirit watch over your refrigerator an' keep it cold... world without end. Adios.

And Hannibal is listening to a DIAL TONE. He hangs up the receiver.

HANNIBAL

(sotto)

I think he's getting worse.

He turns and moves away as we:

CUT TO:

INT. MURDOCK'S ROOM

He goes to the door, opens it and allows Amy to enter.

MURDOCK

Sorry, my mother was on the phone.

Amy cocks her head.

AMY

Uh, the file I got on you said your mother... that she... passed away... that she died when you were five.

MURDOCK

She did. But I... I had a line put in ... y'know... whatta hassle. The Telephone Company doesn't cooperate like they used to. Took a while, but we're solid now.

He grins at her and makes a fist.

AMY

So you never heard of The A Team? Of any of these guys?

MURDOCK

Look, I got problems... y'know?

He moves to his wash basin, picks up his razor and starts to shave little bald spots on his head. Amy looks at him in horror.

AMY

What... what're you doing?

MURDOCK

I'm shaving. Come on, ain't you ever seen a guy shave in the morning?

He spins on her and looks at her for a long beat with a big loony grin.

AMY

I'm sorry for what happened to you. I'm sorry things are so...

MURDOCK

(interrupting)

The A Team. Go t'the alley behind the Kozy Kat Klub in Hollywood at two a.m. You never know what mystery lurks in the hearts of men. Hasta la bamba.

He turns back to the basin and continues shaving. Looking at her through the mirror, he straightens up into military posture and snaps a salute. She takes a step backwards and disappears as we HEAR:

LYNCH'S VOICE

I got a hunch this guy isn't anywhere
near as crazy as he pretends.

INT. V.A. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - CLOSE MOVING SHOT - LYNCH - DAY

WIDEN to show that Lynch and an AIDE move down the
corridor led by a NURSE.

NURSE

He's not faking, Colonel. Mr. Murdock
has paranoid anxiety delusions and
intermittent memory loss.

LYNCH

(a beat)

I'm gonna press 'im hard... see what
happens. That won't snap him, will it?

They reach a door and stop.

NURSE

No. He's usually lots of fun.
However, if he starts talking about
ammonia, that's a clue he may become
violent.

LYNCH

(worried)

Violent?

NURSE

It almost never happens. But just
watch out. It's a trigger word for his
aggressive cycle.

She opens the door to:

MURDOCK'S ROOM - LATER

We are SHOOTING toward the door which opens after a beat
and Lynch enters briskly. He stops in the doorway and
looks at something in the room. His expression tells us
he's seen this before.

HIS POV - HOWLING MAD MURDOCK

He is crouched on top of a highboy cabinet. He has five
nice, newly-shaved spots on his head.

MURDOCK

(friendly)

Hi, Colonel. Bring any candy?

The nurse moves into the room.

NURSE
Mr. Murdock. Get down from there.

MURDOCK
From where?

NURSE
Off the cabinet.

Lynch looks at the nurse.

LYNCH
Don't worry. Leave him up there.
Doesn't bother me. I'll take it from
there.

She looks at him for a moment, then she leaves, closing
the door behind her.

LYNCH
Who are you today? King Kong? Harold
Lloyd? Napoleon's parrot?

MURDOCK
You think that's funny? I'm not nuts.
I keep telling everybody. Don't you
think I wanna get outta here and see
E.T., just like everybody else?

LYNCH
I got this sneaking feeling you're
faking, Murdock.

MURDOCK
If you could prove that, I'd sure
appreciate it. See, they think I'm a
loony tune. I keep... I was just
sayin'... I keep tellin' 'em...

He stops and looks at the ceiling.

MURDOCK
What were we talking about?

LYNCH
You flew the mission over the D.M.Z.
You were their pilot in Nam. You
dropped off Smith, Baracus and Peck
when they did their Hanoi bank jobs.
And I think you're still working with
them.

MURDOCK

Hey, Colonel, if you say I flew 'em, then by crackie I flew 'em. It's sure good t'have at least one fact straight. Y'know? With everything so vague these days...

He looks up at the ceiling again.

MURDOCK

What were we talking about?

He smiles at Lynch who is beginning to get angry.

LYNCH

I'm not going for this. I'm not going for it.

MURDOCK

Neither am I.

Lynch moves across the room toward Murdock.

MURDOCK

Hey, watch out. Watch out.

Lynch stops.

MURDOCK

Ammonia. They use it on the floors. It eats through the soles of your shoes. Burns your feet.

LYNCH

What?

MURDOCK

(getting mad)

Why d'you think I'm sitting on top of this cabinet? I'm not up here for the fresh air.

LYNCH

What happened to your head?

Murdock reaches up and feels the shaved spots.

MURDOCK

They hook you up to this machine and give ya a zaperoo in the old noggin.

LYNCH

You're in electric shock therapy?

MURDOCK

I know. That's why I got these little shaved spots. Can you smell it? Damn ammonia on everything. Hate the ammonia. Hate everything. Hate my dresser. My strait jacket. Hate YOU!

Lynch is backing up.

LYNCH

I'm sorry I troubled you, soldier.
Take care of yourself.

Murdock leaps off the cabinet onto the floor, landing on all fours. Lynch and his Aide exit quickly, SLAMMING the door behind them.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Lynch exiting the room with his Aide, looks at him for a beat.

LYNCH

You oughta see his record. Flew everything from jets to choppers. Used t'be a Thunderbird before the war. One of the best combat pilots in Nam. He's snapped. No doubt about it.

There is a beat and they start moving up the corridor.

LYNCH

Okay, we got one lead left... that girl who called the Veterans' Administration trying to get a line on Hannibal Smith.

AIDE

Amy Allen, the newspaper lady. I think she was just hunting up a story. Like that guy last year.

LYNCH

Maybe. But stake her out. It's the only lead we've got left. I wanna know where she is every minute.

They WIPE CAMERA and we:

CUT TO:

EXT. 2354 SUNSET BOULEVARD - NIGHT

This address belongs to the Kozy Kat Klub, a funky stripper joint full of low-lifes. Amy's car pulls up.

She gets out and moves around the side of the club attracting a few wolf WHISTLES from some raucous, dangerous-looking patrons leaving the club.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND KOZY CAT KLUB - NIGHT

Amy enters the alley. The rain is falling lightly now. Amy's head is getting wet as she stands in the dim light of the 100-watt bulb over the rear exit of the Kozy Kat Klub. She is alone and frightened.

AMY
(hesitantly)
Hello... Anybody there?

No answer... but then she hears the SOUND of an ash can being turned over. She starts, and turns to see:

AN OLD WINO

He is walking along the wall on the far side of the alley, carrying a bottle in a paper bag and using the wall for balance. He has scabs on his hands from many falls. Weaving slightly, he looks at her.

AMY
I... I... I was supposed to... I was meeting someone here.

He looks at her for a long beat.

HIS POV - AMY

Her wristwatch, her purse...

ANGLE - WINO

He looks up at her again.

AMY
Are you okay? It's raining... you'll catch cold.

WINO
If I answer no questions, I tell no lies.

He grins and accidentally drops his bottle. It splatters on the pavement. He leans over to pick it up.

HIS POV - AMY'S SHOES

He looks at them for a long beat, then stands awkwardly.

AMY
Where do you live?

WINO
In a box. In the alley.

He starts to leave and pushes slowly past her, leaning one shoulder on the wall.

AMY
Wait. Wait.

She reaches into her purse, pulls out some money and crosses to him.

AMY
Here. Take it. Buy food, or something. Please.

The wino takes the money and bows elegantly.

WINO
You are a princess in a world of dragons.

He turns and, still using the wall to prop himself up, he exits the alley.

ANGLE - WINO

Once out of sight of Amy, he straightens up and moves quickly to a car parked around the corner in the shadows. He gets into the car.

INT. CAR

The wino peels off a rubber nose and a beard. It's Hannibal. He looks at the money.

HANNIBAL
(sotto)
It's a good start, honey.

He puts the car in gear and pulls out.

EXT. ALLEY - AMY

She is frightened. She steps out of the lights and waits. We MOVE INTO A CLOSE-UP of her face. She shudders slightly, pulling the coat tight around her as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE SHOT - AMY'S FACE - DAY

She is asleep in the front seat of her car which is parked on Sunset Boulevard in view of the alley. Then we hear a loud POUNDING on the hood of her car, followed by the SOUND of a man's voice with a Chinese accent SCREAMING at her. The voice belongs to MR. LEE.

LEE'S VOICE

(screaming)

Hey, missy... hey missy... you no park.
People's coming... no park... must
leave.

She wakes up and finds herself looking through the windshield at a very angry, forty-year-old Chinaman. He bangs on the hood again.

MR. LEE

(screaming)

No park. Law say no park. You go.
You go.

She rolls down her window and looks at him.

AMY

Please. You don't have to yell at
people.

MR. LEE

(enraged)

Yellow people?! Yellow people? You no
like yellow people??

Amy sits up straight.

AMY

No. Not yellow people. Yell at
people. Don't yell at me, okay? I've
got a terrible headache.

MR. LEE

You got headache! (points) I got
laundry. People not park here. You
go.

She looks at him, letting out a SIGH. She rubs her eyes. She doesn't feel well.

AMY

Okay. Okay. I'll move it. What time
is it?

MR. LEE

Seven and a half. (a beat) Open early.
People come before work. One day
service. Fold an' fluff, only a buck.

She squints at him for a moment.

AMY

You wouldn't happen to have an aspirin?
I'll buy it from you.

He looks at her for a beat, then he opens the car door.

MR. LEE

You come. I fix.

AMY

What about the car?

MR. LEE

The Master say: "Only the very wisest
can the very stupidest cannot change."

AMY

Confucius? Great. Just what I need to
go with this headache.

She follows him into the laundry.

INT. LAUNDRY - DAY

Amy enters with Mr. Lee who hustles behind the counter
and come out in a moment with an aspirin and some green
tea.

MR. LEE

Here.

She nods, takes them, swallows the aspirin with the tea
and looks at him for a beat. Then she gives him fifty
cents and starts to leave.

MR. LEE

You look for A Team?

She spins around and looks at him, her eyes boring holes
in him.

AMY

What d'you know about that?

MR. LEE

Many Chinese in Viet Nam. Many people
know A Team. Very very expensive.
Very very good.

AMY
A friend of mine disappeared--

MR. LEE
(cuts her off)
A Team know. How much money Missy got?

AMY
(getting excited)
I have a house. And I have stocks and bonds. I could raise maybe a hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

MR. LEE
No is enough. A Team cost more.

AMY
More? Who are these guys? More than that? You're kidding!

MR. LEE
The Master say: "Women and people of low birth are hard to deal with."

AMY
I can't wait to pass that along.

MR. LEE
(a beat)
How much is life worth today? Market change. In Viet Nam life cheap. Here, price high. How much Al Massey life is worth?

AMY
His life is worth everything I own.

MR. LEE
You get money. Bring Al Massey picture. If no hear in two days, is no deal. Good-bye Missy.

He looks at her.

AMY
But...

MR. LEE
The Master say: "When the small man goes wrong, it is always on the side of elaboration." Good-bye.

He bows, turns and exits into the back.

ANGLE - AMY

She looks puzzled. She turns and walks out of the laundry.

AMY

You're a real trip t'the zoo, Mr. Lee.

EXT. LAUNDRY - DAY

Amy exits the laundry and looks up at the sign. It says: LEE'S LAUNDRY. She gets into her car and pulls away.

INT. LAUNDRY - MR. LEE

We are in the back of the laundry with Mr. Lee as he pulls off his skull cap and traditional dress and sure as shit, you guessed it! It's Hannibal Smith again! We FOLLOW as he moves back to the front of the laundry, he sets the alarm near the front door, resets the little cardboard open-for-business clock from seven-thirty to eight. He steps out into the street, locks the door with a pick and strolls away just as the owner of the laundry, a tall, red-haired, freckle-faced Caucasian arrives. He has a name on his uniform that says: Lee Bowman. He is the owner of the Lee's Laundry. Play the beat and:

CUT TO:

EXT. CONVALESCENT HOSPITAL - DAY - STOCK

Over this shot we will HEAR the voice of an old man, MONSIGNOR DAVID MAGILL

MAGILL'S VOICE

(Irish accent)

You're late, my boy. I was wondering if you forgot.

INT. SMALL ROOM

A very old man is lying in a bed. He has a withered body, but his spirit is still strong. Standing near the door is Face Man, wearing a priest's collar. He moves to the old man, turns on a radio, setting the VOLUME low.

MAGILL

Come closer. I can't see ya, boy.

Face moves to the old man and sits down next to him.

MAGILL

What is it ya wearin'? Is it a clerical collar? When will ya stop it, son?

FACE MAN

Monsignor... look, they won't let anyone in to see ya, except people from your parish or your doctors.

MAGILL

So ya run off an' ya steal a clerical collar. My boy, the devil is hoverin' over ya like a vulture over a dyin' carcass.

FACE MAN

No, he's not, monsignor. You wouldn't let 'im.

Magill LAUGHS and reaches out to take Face's hand.

MAGILL

Well, I suppose not. You've been quite a project in my life, son. Ever since y'wandered in off the streets... five years old, no home, no folks... (a smile) But y'did keep all us old goats at the orphanage on our toes, y'did.

Face looks at this old man with real affection.

FACE MAN

Well, you guys needed a challenge. You were falling asleep at that joint. Too many choir boys.

There is a beat as the old priest laughs softly.

MAGILL

I been givin' ya a lot a'thought, son. I been wonderin' what's gonna become of ya when I ain't around t'pray for your shenanigans.

FACE MAN

I'm goin' okay.

MAGILL

Are ya now? First you're orphaned by your parents, and then by your country. An' now y'spend every Saturday with me in here...

FACE MAN

Except for Hannibal, you're the only one who ever invested in me. You don't have t'like it, tough guy, but I'm payin' ya back, just the same.

MAGILL

Y'must invest in yourself, boy. Y'have a streak of compassion in ya that nobody but me ever sees. Y'been handed some bad breaks, but y'got to face your problems.

FACE MAN

I wanna get back. I'm tired of running. I'd like t'have a family, but y'can't do that with the government on your tail. In the meantime, I'll settle for just surviving.

There is a beat as Magill looks at Face and nods, leans over and turns the VOLUME up and we now hear Dr. Toni Grant's Psychology On The Line.

TIGHT SHOT - ON RADIO - DAY

DR. GRANT'S VOICE

(over radio)

This is "Psychology Chat Back" and our next caller is Carl from Covina...

And on the name, 'Carl from Covina', Face Man reacts:

FACE MAN

Damn...

MAGILL

Don't ya mean 'darn,' son?

FACE MAN

Yes. Exactly what I mean.

Dr. Grant continues over:

DR. GRANT'S VOICE

How you doing, Carl?

CARL'S VOICE

Well, I'd like to say I'm doing fine, Toni, but... well, things have been really strange for me this month...

Face Man moves to his briefcase and takes out an index file.

DR. GRANT'S VOICE

Tell me about it.

Face Man takes out a little metal file box, opens it. We MOVE IN CLOSE on the box which is full of cards. Each one has a name: 'Bill from Torrance,' 'Mike from Woodland Hills,' etc.

FACE MAN

Carl from Covina... Carl from Covina...

He finds the card in the box and pulls it out.

INSERT CARD

Under the name: "Carl from Covina," is says:

JET AIRPLANE: THREE THOUSAND
MILE RANGE

Light Armament; Passport, Visa: Mexico.

He crosses back to the bed with the card as the RADIO interview continues under with Carl's voice:

FACE MAN

(to Magill)

Mexico. He wants me to go to Mexico.

CARL'S VOICE

Well... I moved back in with my younger sister and she's been controlling my life just like she did when we were kids. She makes me check everything with her. I can't go out unless she says it's okay.

FACE MAN

Client's a woman.

MAGILL

A pretty one, I hope.

EXT. WATTS DAY CARE CENTER - DAY

We are ON a transistor radio that is set up in a small yard and from it we HEAR Dr. Toni Grant's broadcast. B.A. is teaching a bunch of kids (ranging in age from ten to eighteen) how to make a skateboard. With a screwdriver, he's attaching wheels to cut pieces of lumber. He is a giant with these little people. Their eyes are wide when he looks at them. He glances occasionally at the radio while he works.

DR. GRANT'S VOICE

How old is your sister, Carl?

CARL'S VOICE

She's twenty-five, but she's always been very assertive and I... well, I hate confrontations.

B.A.

(to radio)

Sure you do, Hannibal.

One of the kids, a ten-year-old named FLOYD looks up at B.A. The radio continues under:

FLOYD

Who's Hannibal, man?

B.A.

You don't know Hannibal? You're goin' t'school... don't they teach ya about Hannibal an' them elephants?

FLOYD

Not yet. He had elephants?

B.A.

Hannibal was this Corinthian commander, man. 200 years before Christ. He hated the Romans 'cause they conquered his people an' he attacked 'em by taking his army over the Alps into Italy. Used elephants t'carry his equipment. Nobody thought you could take an army over the Alps, but he did. 'Caught the Romans sleeping an' beat 'em.

DR. GRANT'S VOICE

It's your life, Carl. What do you think you should do?

CARL'S VOICE

I got this friend who drives race cars. I was thinking maybe I'd call him, have him pick me up at three this afternoon, take me to his race this weekend... not ask my sister's permission or nothing.

B.A. finishes with the last screw on the skateboard and spins the wheel against the palm of his hand.

B.A.

I gotta be goin'. Gotta pick up a friend at three o'clock.

He stands up, towering like a giant over the kids. He picks up his radio and turns the volume down.

FLOYD

I'd sure like t'meet a guy like Hannibal.

B.A.

(a smile)

Yeah. He's a piece a'work, all right.

He looks at the kids in the yard.

B.A.

I may be gone for a couple a'days.

They let out a GROAN.

B.A.

Come on, guys, I gotta make livin'. This job, here, don't pay a dime... so, I'll see ya like next week. Don't hold up no gas stations.

He gives them a thumbs-up and they respond.

FLOYD

Was Hannibal a good general?

MOVE IN on B.A.

B.A.

(softly)

Hannibal is the only man who ever put it on the line for me. He's the best, but he's a nut.

FLOYD

You talk like he's still alive.

B.A.

Yeah. Well, with a guy like that, who knows?

He smiles at them and, off their adoring looks, we:

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - FACE MAN

FACE MAN

(at the radio)

I'm supposed t'get Murdock outta the nut bin and secure a medium-range jet by three o'clock.

MAGILL

I can see I'm gonna be up all night prayin' for ya. Git goin', son.

We MOVE IN on the radio as:

DR. GRANT'S VOICE

I think you should tell your sister where you're going so she won't worry, but be firm. Don't let her run your life. You run it. Say it like you mean it and most people will do whatever you want.

INT. V.A. HOSPITAL LOBBY - TWELVE NOON

Face Man is smiling INTO CAMERA. He says it like he means it.

FACE MAN

Lieutenant Blackman here to check out Captain Murdock for psychiatric re-evaluation.

WIDEN to see that Face Man is now wearing his Lieutenant's uniform and the medical insignia of the Marine Corps. He is smiling at a nurse with the shoulders of a linebacker and a nice little patch of fur on her upper lip. The Nurse's name is SCHNIDER.

SCHNIDER

(checking records)

Captain Murdock... I don't believe we have any orders to that effect, Lieutenant.

Face Man looks at her and smiles.

FACE MAN

His file was chosen specifically by General Fred White, Surgeon General of the Air Force. We want an update on this man. I've personally gone to a lot of trouble checking his Uncle Deke out of the Fairview Mental Hospital. Got him under guard at the Sheraton. We're going to try some stress confrontation therapy.

Nurse Schnider looks a bit overwhelmed as Face Man hands her a letter from General White made on his own printing press.

SCHNIDER

I'm afraid I don't understand. His Uncle who??

FACE MAN

His Uncle Deke Murdock... the cleaning fluid salesman. (he leans in) Certainly you're familiar with his Ammonia fixation.

She nods slowly.

SCHNIDER

Yes. He hates it.

FACE MAN

(a smile)

No. He hates his Uncle Deke who uses to sell the stuff. Classic hate transferal, Nurse Schnider.

SCHNIDER

From his Uncle to a product? You're kidding.

FACE MAN

I find it's best not to kid about mental disorder... don't you, Nurse Schnider? General White is personally interested in Captain Murdock because the Captain flew him in Nam. (glance at watch) I don't have a lot of time, Nurse. I only have his Uncle out for the day because he's scheduled for a frontal lobe severance tomorrow.

SCHNIDER

His Uncle is having a lobotomy tomorrow?

FACE MAN

The whole family is crackers. How 'bout it? Can we move this along? I don't have much time and the General will be calling me at five.

He looks at his watch.

SCHNIDER

We always wondered about that Ammonia fixation and the aggressive cycle. A product hate transferal... how fascinating...

FACE MAN

(grinning)

Isn't it, though?

She picks up the phone.

SCHNIDER

(into phone)

Have Captain Murdock made ready for release...

She looks at Face Man who smiles at her.

CUT TO:

EXT. V.A. HOSPITAL - LATER

as Face Man and Murdock exit the building.

FACE MAN

(looking around)

Come on, let's move it. Lynch could still be around here. (a beat) What did you do to your head? You got lotsa little shaved spots up there.

MURDOCK

Yeah. I noticed those, too. Crazy, huh?

He shoots Face Man a wide, loony grin.

FACE MAN

I think you're getting worse, Murdock.

MURDOCK

I know I am. I'm surprised the Surgeon General let me out.

FACE MAN
He didn't, I did... So I had to bring
your Uncle Deke into town.

They reach Face Man's car which is a Cadillac Eldorado convertible with steer horns on the front. Face Man is stripping off his jacket.

MURDOCK
How is Uncle Deke?

FACE MAN
You don't have an Uncle Deke.

MURDOCK
Sorry to hear it. I was just beginning
to like him.

FACE MAN
You hated him. He use t'beat you.

MURDOCK
The creep.

They get into the Cad. Face Man puts on a ten-gallon hat.

MURDOCK
(re: car)
Where'd you get the parade float?

FACE MAN
Scrounged it from Cactus Jack Perkins,
the rodeo rider. He thinks I'm doing a
ring job on it over the week-end. I
got us a Gulf Stream. Can you fly it?

MURDOCK
Hey brother, if it's got wings I can
fly it.

They roar out of the parking lot as we HEAR Murdock's last puzzled question:

MURDOCK'S VOICE
Hey, Face, what's a Gulf Stream?

EXT. DAILY NEWS - DAY

A big clock on the building says it's 2:30.

INT. DAILY NEWS CITY ROOM - DAY

Amy is cleaning out her desk. She has a bunch of boxes under one arm and a canvas tote with desk stuff in the

other. She moves out of the city room amidst a chorus of 'Good-byes,' 'See you in two weeks,' 'Have a nice vacation,' etc. She gets in the elevator as we:

CUT TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE

It is dark down here and, parked in the recesses of the underground garage is the Rambler. The elevators open. She gets out... starts toward her car.

INT. RAMBLER

There is barely room for three people in the racer. Hannibal is seated next to B.A. who is looking at him skeptically.

HANNIBAL

There she is. Let's go.

B.A. puts the car in gear and pulls up to Amy's car as she is loading her stuff into the back seat. She spins around when she approaches her.

HANNIBAL

Amy Allen? I'm Hannibal Smith. I understand you want to hire the A Team.

AMY

(off balance)

Uhhh... I uhh...

HANNIBAL

You got the picture?

AMY

Yes...

HANNIBAL

Okay. Let's have 'em.

AMY

Later.

HANNIBAL

I want it now.

AMY

Later.

HANNIBAL

You wanna go t'Mexico?

AMY
You got it. (a beat) Now? I mean,
right this instant? I'm not packed.
What about this stuff? My car?

HANNIBAL
(a smile)
Okay. Lock it an' leave it.

She drops the stuff in her trunk, locks it and moves to the racer. They squeeze into the car. Hannibal is in the back seat.

INT. RAMBLER

HANNIBAL
Miss Amy Allen, may I present Bosco
Baracus... B.A.

AMY
How do you do.

She reaches out to shake but B.A. doesn't respond.

HANNIBAL
Don't worry. He's got a bad attitude,
but he grows on ya. Let's go, B.A.

B.A. slams the car in gear and lays rubber out of the garage as we:

CUT TO:

INT. SEDAN

On the seat beside the Aide is a picture of the car along with eight by tens of the entire A Team. When he sees the car go by, he snaps up a mike.

AIDE
(into mike)
Col. Lynch, this is Mark. I saw the
car. I think they picked the girl up
in the garage.

INTERCUT LYNCH - DAY

He is in a another car staked out in front of an apartment house. He's talking into the mike.

LYNCH
Stay on 'em. Vector me in. Don't let
him see ya. I'm on my way with troops.

Lynch throws the car in gear and squeals out.

CADILLAC ELDORADO

It WIPES FRAME right to left and comes to a stop in front of a line of jet airplanes.

INT. ELDORADO

Face Man hands Murdock a second ten-gallon hat. His own is already in place, set at a rakish angle. He HONKS the car horn and it plays a cornball rendition of "Deep In The Heart Of Texas." In a second, a pretty woman with a broad smile, about thirty-five, exits a building and moves to the car. Her name is AVON.

FACE MAN

I've been layin' the ground work on this plane for almost two months. Just keep your mouth shut.

He gets out of the car as Avon approaches.

AVON

(smiling)

Jo Bob Mathison. I didn't believe it when I saw your name on the message sheet. I thought you and your daddy Hank bought that Lear up in Santa Barbara.

Face Man is now Jo Bob Mathison from Lubbock, Texas. He's all smiles and country bullshit.

FACE MAN

Howdy, Avon. 'Fore we start yammerin' away on these here business details, I'd like ya t'meet my personal pilot... fella by the name a'Buster Hawthorne... (to Murdock) Give Avon a big howdy.

Murdock shoots him a weird look then turns to Avon:

MURDOCK

(no enthusiasm)

Big howdy.

He shakes her hand.

FACE MAN

Say, Buster, why don't y'all take a gander at that there Gulf Stream off yonder while Avon and Jo Bob see if'n we're gonna be able t'cut us a calf, here.

Murdock nods and moves away from Peck. Out of earshot, he shakes his head in disgust:

MURDOCK

And they call me nuts.

RESUME FACE MAN AND AVON

AVON

What happened to the Lear?

FACE MAN

Well, honey, this here is gonna hand ya a big yaa-hoo, but I get that little sucker home to Texas an' daddy Hank, he climbs aboard and he sits in the seat an', be damned if his Stetson ain't a'brushin' the top a'that cabin. (a beat) Like t'drive Big Daddy Hank nuts, that there thing hittin' the top all the time.

AVON

(a smile)

The Lear has a small cabin, but he could take off his hat.

FACE MAN

Yep, yep, my thoughts exactly, but big Daddy Hank don't never take off that there Stetson on accounts he ain't got much grass growin' on the north end a'his spread.

AVON

He's bald?

FACE MAN

As a dirt farmer's truck tire. So he says t'me, "Jo Bob," he calls me Jo Bob, "Y'all go on back an' get me that Gulf Stream you was talkin' about."

Avon looks at him for a beat.

AVON

Well, I guess it's my luck the plane is still here. We can make the deal.

FACE MAN

I was thinkin', y'know, maybe if'n I could like test fly that little sucker down t'Houston... Daddy Hank, I call him Daddy Hank, is down there tryin' t'horse trade a few hotels an' such. If I could like fly him around over the weekend, sorta makes sure he ain't gonna have no problems with nothin' on this plane... Hate t'have him knock his hat off in the john an' such...

He grins at her.

AVON

I'll have to make up a sales agreement...

FACE MAN

Y'all want a little check or anything... a deposit?

AVON

(smiles)

I think your credit's okay with us, Jo Bob.

FACE MAN

Then let's hog tie the sucker.

He slaps her on the back and on that we:

CUT TO:

INT. RAMBLER - DAY

as it moves along the highway. Hannibal opens a bottle of Novocain.

HANNIBAL

(slaps hand on his back)

Right here, on this road.

B.A.

Where we goin'? I ain't goin' to no airport, Hannibal. I ain't gonna fly with that crazy fool, Murdock.

Hits him with syringe.

HANNIBAL

Murdock? Did I mention Murdock?

AMY
(alarmed)
Murdock?

B.A.
Yeah, man, that guy is nuts.

HANNIBAL
We're not goin' to the airport, B.A.
Turn right.

And we HEAR the sound of a jet roaring overhead for a landing. B.A. looks up.

B.A.
What's that? A big mosquito?

HANNIBAL
Okay. So we're going to a place near
the airport. Turn right.

AMY
Isn't Murdock kinda crazy? Isn't he in
a mental institution?

B.A.
Lady, they ain't got terms for what he
is. If he's flyin', we're dyin'.

Hannibal, in the back seat, takes a small syringe out of his pocket and pulls off the safety cap. Then he takes out a small bottle marked Novocain. He daubs some on his hand and touches B.A. on the back of neck.

B.A.
Watcha doin', man...?

He swats Hannibal's hand away, but the Novocain is on his neck. Amy is looking at this, wondering what the hell is going on.

HANNIBAL
Up there, B.A. Pull up.

B.A. does, pulling the car to a smoking stop. Smith looks at his watch, then takes the needle and quickly gives B.A. an injection from behind. B.A. doesn't really feel it, swats his hand away.

B.A.
Whatcha doing?

Amy watches Smith who gives her a lopsided grin as he drops the syringe.

B.A.
Why we here, man? What's goin' on?

HANNIBAL
Lemme out.

B.A. gets out of the car, looks around. There is not sign of the M.P.s. Amy gets out along with Hannibal.

B.A.
We're at the airport, Hannibal. This here's a runway!

HANNIBAL
(looking around)
Where? Here? Naw, this is a taxi-way, near the runway.

AMY
What's going on? Will somebody please tell me...?

B.A.
You lied to me, man.

Hannibal looks at his watch.

HANNIBAL
Lie?... Me...?

B.A.
I told ya what I was gonna do next time you try to take me on a plane ride. I told ya.

AMY
Please... What's going on?!

He starts to move in on Hannibal who takes a step back.

HANNIBAL
Now, B.A. watch out, you'll have on of your anxiety blackouts.

B.A. takes a swing at Hannibal, hits him and Hannibal reels backward, catching himself against the car.

HANNIBAL
Come on, B.A., take it easy, will ya?

CLOSE SHOT - B.A.

He blinks once or twice. Whatever Hannibal gave him is beginning to take effect.

AMY

I thought you were all on the same side. I mean, why is he hitting you?

Now B.A.'s knees start to go. He drops down on one knee, then on both. He starts crawling toward Smith who scrambles out of the way.

We can see the M.P. cars bust through a gate a-ways away. They roar toward the landing strip.

AMY

(pointing)

Who's that?

HANNIBAL

Oh that? Nothing, really. Just file it under 'old business.'

RESUME B.A.

He falls down... out cold.

INT. GULF STREAM

Face Man and Murdock are in the jet taxiing to the place where Hannibal, Amy and B.A. are.

EXT. LANDING STRIP - HANNIBAL

He watches the plane coming, grabs a black valise out of the Rambler, then turns and sees the M.P. cars closing.

HANNIBAL

(to Amy)

Gimme a hand with B.A. Get his feet.

He grabs B.A. under the arms, starts dragging him in the direction of the air strip, Amy on the other end.

AMY

You have to do this every time he flies?

HANNIBAL

He's afraid to fly... Kinda silly isn't it?

AMY

This is a notch or two past silly. This is ridiculous.

The plane is taxiing toward them. It's going to be close as the M.P. cars close in.

ANGLE - HANNIBAL AND AMY

HANNIBAL

Let's go.

They start dragging Baracus across the field. The door of the plane opens and Face Man jumps out.

FACE MAN

Welcome to Air Chance. Sorry, but we're out of kosher dinners.

HANNIBAL

Will ya help me? Here comes Lynch!

INT. M.P. CAR - ON LYNCH

He is roaring down the taxi way as they manage to get B.A. and Amy aboard. The door is up and the jet engines are revving. The M.P. cars brodie to a stop. They pile out, guns drawn.

INT. JET

HANNIBAL

(yelling)

Go!

And Murdock hits both throttles full and roars down the taxi way, spins the plane around.

ANGLE - LYNCH

He FIRES at pistol at the plane.

INT. JET

MURDOCK

Yeeeeeeeeee Haaaaaaa!

He jams the throttle to the fire wall and the plane roars down the runway and up.

EXT. GULF STREAM - DAY

as it soars into the beautiful skies and now up, with APPLAUSE and, for the briefest moment, we may think it's an ovation to their escape from Colonel Lynch -- but then we hear the opening chords of the live rendition of JUMPIN' JACK FLASH by the Rolling Stones and, as the vocal begins:

CUT TO:

INT. GULF STREAM COCKPIT - CLOSE ON MURDOCK

at the controls, MUSIC blasting from a portable tape player and he's singing at the top of his lungs, eyes closed, rolling his head and boogying to the beat.

MURDOCK
(singing along with Mick Jagger)
I was borrrrrnnnn in a crossfire
hurrrricuaaaaaanee, and I howwwwwled at
my mama in the drivin' raaaaain...

The cockpit door opens and Face Man sticks his head in, cringes at the assault to the eardrums.

FACE MAN
Murdock!

MURDOCK
(singing)
But it's aaaalllll riight...

Face Man hauls himself forward into the empty pilot's seat.

FACE MAN
Murdock! Could ya--

Murdock sees Face Man and snaps the music way down.

FACE MAN
Hannibal wanted me to tell you we're
headed for Acapulco.

MURDOCK
I don't have no flight plans for
Mexico. I could follow the coast but
we don't have the fuel. Better if I
swing by the airport and try to pick up
a flight and follow it down...

Face Man pulls a number of commercial flight schedules from his breast pocket.

FACE MAN
I got a three-thirty Aeronaves de
Mexico into Acapulco and a four-ten
Western... both out of LAX.

MURDOCK
I think we go with Western. They're
the silver jobs... easier to see and
their pilots don't mind if ya
hitchhike.

INT. THE GULF STREAM CABIN - CLOSE ON B.A.

unconscious in one of the rear seats of the cabin. We see his arms wedged in at his sides and someone is strapping his seat belt across his lap and forearms, restraining him as best as possible. WIDEN to reveal Hannibal Smith pulling the lap strap one last tug, Amy Allen watching him from her seat. Face Man enters.

AMY

Excuse me, but what on earth do you think you're doing?

Hannibal looks at her over his shoulder.

HANNIBAL

We're tying him up so he won't kill us if he comes to.

AMY

I see...

She looks at them for a long beat, unable to come up with anything worth saying as they go back to work belting B.A.'s feet.

AMY

Uh... excuse me again... but... uh... isn't he one of you? I mean... isn't he on the team?

FACE MAN

Yep.

Hannibal moves away from B.A. who is snoring lightly.

AMY

But why did you have to drug him?

HANNIBAL

He hates the pilot and he's afraid to fly. It's kinda a long story.

AMY

Hates the pilot? Why?

FACE MAN

Because our pilot is insane.

He grins at her.

AMY

I know. I met him. Is he up there, flying us now.

FACE MAN

Yep.

And Murdock strolls into the cabin, hands in his pockets. Face Man jumps up and drags him back into the cockpit. Face reappears a second later.

FACE

(a grin)

What a kidder... had it on auto pilot... I think.

AMY

I'm not sure I like any of this. I'm not sure you're what I bargained for.

Hannibal moves across the aisle and sits on the arm of Amy's chair.

HANNIBAL

You thought you were getting the Toluca Lake Boy's Choir?

AMY

I... I don't know what I thought.

HANNIBAL

Let's get something straight right now. You want your friend back. The authorities shined you on, so you went out and hired a buncha gun fighters. If you wanted somebody with nice manners, you should have hired an English Butler.

She looks at him for a long beat.

AMY

The pilot is really insane?

HANNIBAL

(deadpan)

We think so. (proudly) But he can fly this bird upside down under a suspension bridge. The Face here, is the best song and dance man to ever hit town. B.A. can make machinery talk.

AMY

Are you guys really being chased by the government?

HANNIBAL

That's right.

She looks at them for a beat.

AMY

Why do you do it? I mean, why did you decide to help me?

HANNIBAL

Because you wear expensive shoes that you didn't buy in any P.X.... that's not a government issue watch and anyone with a French Provincial living room probably isn't working for the government.

There is a beat as she looks at them.

AMY

You went through my house?

FACE MAN

Listen, Miss Allen, we got a problem. We don't do stuff like that because we're jerks. We have to make sure our clients aren't bird dogs for Col. Lynch.

HANNIBAL

We also agreed to help you when nobody else would. We're not asking for your thanks, but it would be nice if you could get your eyebrows down from the middle of your forehead.

AMY

I believe you. I believe you were sent into Hanoi under orders... that you are victims of a horrible mistake. What I can't understand is why you aren't all living in Switzerland where it's safe.

HANNIBAL

We aren't living in Switzerland, Miss Allen, because we aren't Swiss. (a beat) We're Americans. We got a little problem right now, but we'll work our way out of it somehow. In the meantime, we stick together and do what we know best. If we help you, we need to know you'll protect us... not sell us out. It's hard enough the way it is, without more trouble.

She looks at them for a beat.

AMY

I promise.

Hannibal picks up her purse.

HANNIBAL

Mr. Lee said you had a hundred and fifty thousand to finance this operation. Right?

She says nothing as he opens it and removes a packet of money, flips it back to Face Man who opens it and starts rifling through it.

HANNIBAL

That's always such a big hassle.

Amy looks at him for a long beat.

AMY

I promise I'll pay you when we get back. My word is good. (a smile) Women and people of high birth are very trustworthy. I got that from Mr. Lee.

Hannibal looks at her for a long beat.

HANNIBAL

(Mr. Lee)

The Master say: "low birth are hard to deal with."

She looks at him and the realization dawns.

AMY

I'll be damned.

HANNIBAL

No. You're a princess in a world full of dragons.

Play her reaction and:

CUT TO:

EXT. HER AIRPLANE IN FLIGHT

It is beginning its descent into the Acapulco airport.

INT. ACAPULCO TOWER - DAY - (STOCK)

as the air controllers are talking their flights in.

CONTROLLER
(Mexican accent)
Inter-Continental flight six-o-seven,
heavy. You are on final approach.
Cleared to land on runway one six.

INT. GULF STREAM - ANGLE ON B.A. - DAY

He is coming out of it, beginning to twitch and MUMBLE.
Face Man and Hannibal look at him with deep concern.

FACE MAN
He's gonna bust these straps, Hannibal.
Then he's gonna feed us our shoes.

Hannibal looks at his watch, then moves up to the
cockpit.

INT. COCKPIT

as Hannibal enters.

HANNIBAL
The sleeping giant awakes. How fast
can you get us down?

MURDOCK
(panicked)
You just landed, brother.

And he kicks the thing into a dive.

CONTROLLER'S VOICE
(Mexican accent)
Unidentified aircraft behind Western
one-six, heavy. Left hand climbing
turn immediately.

MURDOCK
(into mike)
Say what, muchacho?

Then the controller breaks into Spanish.

CONTROLLER
(in Spanish)
Western heavy... abort... abort.
Unidentified aircraft on starboard.

Murdock flies under the Inter-Continental jet and
touches down on the runway. While the Inter-Continental
jet roars by overhead, Hannibal looks at Murdock who has
the headset back on his neck.

HANNIBAL

Aren't you supposed to talk to that guy?

MURDOCK

We got the Cisco Kid in the tower. He's screaming at me in Mexican, man. (a puzzled look) I can't remember which one a'these little do-hickies is the reverse throttle lever.

He flips a switch, the engine hits reverse and he brakes to a stop.

HANNIBAL

We're gonna have trouble with the airport on this landing.

MURDOCK

They can't do anything to me. Huh? I'm escaped from a mental institution. It's not my fault. I don't even have a license anymore. I don't think I should be flying at all.

Hannibal looks at him like it all makes sense.

EXT. GULF STREAM - DAY

It taxis to a stop as airport cars pull in around it. Trouble in River City.

INT. PLANE - DAY

Hannibal gets B.A. up out of his seat. He's still two-thirds out. They're moving fast. All of them appear to know what they're doing except Amy who is puzzled.

HANNIBAL

(to Face Man)

You got the script?

FACE MAN

(holding up film script)

Yep. Film Commission is run by Miguel Perez... so we're gonna do the sexy dumb blonde movie.

AMY

The what?

HANNIBAL

Okay, let's get this poor heart attack victim outta here on the double.
(calling) Murdock, let's move it.
Bring the headset.

Murdock exits the cockpit of the plane with his headset. Face Man takes it, rips the ear phones off, sticks it under his chin, puts the plug end on B.A.'s arm... instant stethoscope. Hannibal hands Face Man the black valise. It looks like a doctor's bag.

EXT. PLANE - DAY

They open the door and come out fast, carrying B.A.: The Mexican authorities pile in on them. One is a ground control officer named SANCHEZ. He speaks perfect English.

HANNIBAL

Heart attack. We tried to call the town. Two of you guys grab that litter.

SANCHEZ

(angry)

This plane is being impounded for illegal landing. Who is the pilot?

HANNIBAL

(to Sanchez)

What's your name, please?

SANCHEZ

Ground Control Officer Sanchez. Who's the pilot of this aircraft.

Hannibal points to B.A. On the move, as they are carrying B.A.

SANCHEZ

(trying to stop them)

Your names and identification, please.

HANNIBAL

This man is dying... how's his pulse, Doctor?

FACE MAN

Seventy over one-twenty. Pulse is weak.

Hannibal and Face Man and Murdock pull the unconscious B.A. into one of the airport sedans.

SANCHEZ
Nobody said anything about a heart
attack. We weren't told.

MURDOCK
Of course you weren't. We didn't want
to panic the passengers.

This is all going to fast for Sanchez.

SANCHEZ
What passengers?

AMY
I was a passenger.

SANCHEZ
What?

HANNIBAL
Officer Sanchez, this man's dying.
Where's the hospital?

SANCHEZ
On the main road to town.

Murdock is jumping behind the wheel and B.A. GROANS. He
is coming to.

MURDOCK
Keys please.

FACE MAN
Sixty over one twelve and dropping.
We're gonna need life support equipment
this guy's almost dead.

MURDOCK
(yelling)
Keys.

Sanchez gives him the keys and they start the car and
roar away, leaving the ground controller with an empty
plane and lots of questions.

EXT. AIRPORT CAR

as it exits the airport and heads for Acapulco. We PAN
IT BY and see the beautiful blue lagoons and aqua green
ocean which mark this beautiful city.

INT. CAR - DAY

Murdock drives the car as B.A. is coming to in the back
seat.

B.A.
(looking out the window)
Where are we, man?

HANNIBAL
Hey, B.A., welcome back. You really
slept, kid. What's that stuff on your
face?

B.A. struggles to a sitting position.

B.A.
Where are we?

FACE MAN
We're in beautiful Acapulco. Drove all
night. You slept like a baby.
(stretching) It's a long ride, man. I
wish one a'these times you'd agree
t'fly. I'm stiff as a board.

B.A. looks around at the car they're in.

B.A.
(looks at watch)
It's Friday already?

HANNIBAL
Right. Musta had one'a those little
anxiety blackouts, B.A. How ya
feeling?

B.A.
(looking at watch again)
I ain't feelin' like I slept for no
twenty-six hours, sucker. (reacts to
Murdock) And when'd you get here? And
what're you doin'! You can't drive!

MURDOCK
(reacts in panic)
I can't!

Murdock brakes the car to a halt. Murdock jumps out
from behind the wheel and B.A. moves around to take his
place.

HANNIBAL
Okay, Face, you get us some digs and
start throwing snowballs at the film
commissioner, we're gonna probably need
to scrounge a pile'a stuff 'cause the
client stiffed us.

AMY

I said I'm sorry.

HANNIBAL

B.A. is all rested, so I'll take him with me and Miss Allen.

FACE MAN

The flash roll's in your pocket, B.A.

B.A. reaches into his jacket pocket and pulls out a large roll of money. He doesn't quite know how it got there. He puts it back.

HANNIBAL

We'll get a line on Manny Cortez. Then we play it like it lays.

FACE MAN

Good enough. Murdock and I will handle the film commission.

MURDOCK

We doing "boots and Bikinis" again? I hate that movie. You ever read that script, Face? It stinks.

FACE MAN

We're gonna keep makin' it 'til we get it right.

He grins.

B.A.

(musing)

Friday already. I musta slept like a brick.

FACE MAN

You got a favorite hotel down here, Hannibal?

AMY

Who about the Princess?

FACE MAN

You got it. Let's go, Murdock.

They pull out and we:

EXT. PRINCESS HOTEL - DAY

The airport car pulls in, Peck and Murdock gets out. Hannibal gets behind the wheel and pulls away, leaving

them standing in the grand entrance of this magnificent hotel. The DOORMAN moves up to Face Man:

DOORMAN
Checking in, sir?

FACE MAN
I'm with Twentieth Century Fox. We're with the movie company.

DOORMAN
Huh?

FACE MAN
The Farrah Fawcett, Bo Derek, Loni Anderson movie. Of course you've been told about it.

The doorman is non-plussed.

DOORMAN
I know nothing of this, Senor. Perhaps at the desk?

FACE MAN
Boy, there better not've been a foul-up on this. I'm telling you, my head'll roll if this deal got messed up, too.

He moves toward the interior of the hotel with Murdock tagging along with his hands in his pockets and we:

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET IN DOWNTOWN ACAPULCO

This is a bad section of town. We pull the airport car in and come to a stop in front of a bar called EL LOCO TORO. There is Latin MUSIC coming from within.

INT. AIRPORT CAR - DAY

Amy, Hannibal and B.A. look at the bar.

HANNIBAL
Okay, this is the place.

AMY
What place?

HANNIBAL
We checked the phone number from Massey's notes. It belongs to this dive.

He looks at B.A.

HANNIBAL

You're the backup. I'll go in and tip the joint over, see what happens.

Amy looks at him for a beat.

AMY

"Tip the joint over," that sounds very macho, but is it smart?

HANNIBAL

If I was smart, I wouldn't be workin' for some skirt with no money.

He opens the door and gets out.

B.A.

(to Amy)

You learn to love him, mama, but it takes a long time.

AMY

That's what he said about you.

She gets out of the car and follows him into the bar, leaving B.A. outside.

INT. LOCO TORO CANTINA - DAY

Hannibal moves into the bar and takes a look around. Amy moves up beside him.

HANNIBAL

This dump looks long on local color and short on blended whiskey.

The room falls silent as, one by one, the patrons, all tough Mexicans, notice that a strange American is in their midst. We hear lots of MUTTERED Mexican... the word "Gringo" seems to hang in the air.

AMY

I hope you have some sort of plan.

All eyes are on him as Hannibal moves across to the bar. A man named CARLOS steps out of the shadows.

CARLOS

Hey, senor, this bar is not for American tourists.

Hannibal pauses and looks at him.

HANNIBAL

Glad to hear it. You got a couple
a'beers? Kinda hot out there.

CARLOS

We got nothin' for you, 'cept a
warning. You go now. Plenty cantinas
down at the beach.

Hannibal looks at him for a long beat.

HANNIBAL

I'm looking for a man named Manny
Cortez.

The room falls dead still.

HANNIBAL

So, ya know him, huh? Well, good.
Good deal. I got money. I'm willing
to pay anybody who can help me find
him.

The room is very quiet now, a deadly silence. Somebody
behind them moves to the door, closes it, locks it and
puts a wooden bar across it.

AMY

(whispers to Hannibal)

Is this in the plan?

Hannibal looks at the room for a beat.

HANNIBAL

Escuchame... no quiero hacer dano a
nadie solamente trato hallar ese
hombre.

He smiles at them.

CARLOS

We are not children who are impressed
that you speak our language... and now
it is time to teach you the lesson you
have come for.

AMY

Is this in...?

HANNIBAL

(overlapping)

No. (to the room) Okay, you want tough?
You got tough. I came here in
friendship. I want only to speak to
Manny Cortez.

CARLOS

We will find out what you want.

The room begins to close in on him. He looks around him as the circle closes.

HANNIBAL

(shouting)

B.A., get in here. I got trouble.

The saloon is kicked in. The two by four bar that holds it is splintered and, in seconds, the towering hulk of B.A. Baracus, all two hundred-plus pounds of him fills the doorway.

CARLOS

(yelling)

Quintana! Ven aca! Andale!

And the door on the side of the bar is thrown open and QUINTANA steps through. He is eight feet tall. He makes B.A. look like a midget. B.A. looks to Hannibal who can only shrug.

ANGLE - AMY

She leans in, starts to say something to Hannibal:

HANNIBAL

(cutting her off)

No.

AMY

I didn't think so.

Quintana throws a punch that snaps B.A.'s head back.

B.A.

(to Hannibal)

You want him?

HANNIBAL

Nah... you take him.

B.A. moves toward Quintana and the fight starts. As soon as it does, the bar closes in on Hannibal who pushes Amy out of the way and with karate swiftness, he takes out two or three, bin-bang-boom.

ANGLE - THE ROOM

The fight continues. The odds are just too great... glasses fly, chairs are being shattered as Hannibal does his best, but goes down under the weight of the numbers. B.A. and Quintana battle it out like two prize pit

bulls, but as good a fight as B.A. puts up, Quintana's an animal! The only way to beat somebody like him is to kill him. Quintana finally picks B.A. up over his head and helicopters him off to crash into a couple of tables. Hannibal is pulled up and Quintana moves over to him, stands in front of him, glaring.

CLOSE SHOT - QUINTANA'S FIST

It comes INTO LENS and we:

FADE IN FROM BLACK

on a slightly OUT OF FOCUS ROOM. We bring it INTO FOCUS and we see that we are still in the cantina, somewhat demolished from the fight.

ANGLE - TO INCLUDE ALL

Hannibal, B.A. and Amy are tied to straight-backed chairs. There are two or three MEN from the fight, including Carlos and Quintana. Manny Cortez (the man from opening of the picture) is there too. He is looking at Amy Allen's I.D.

MANNY

moves up to Amy and sits on his haunches beside her.

MANNY

(the wallet in his hand)

Amy Allen. Los Angeles Courier-Express...

HANNIBAL

If I might explain...

Quintana grabs Hannibal by the neck.

MANNY

I wasn't talking to you, chico, so keep it still. (to Amy) Why do you want Manny Cortez?

AMY

I'm looking for a friend of mine. His name is Al Massey. He also worked for the Courier and he was down here on a story...

MANNY

What kind of story?

AMY

I don't know, I...

MANNY

I thought you were close friends?

AMY

We are! But that was his way... I just know he came down here and disappeared. I want to find him.

Manny looks at them for a beat, then turns to the Mexicans in the room.

MANNY

Es la verdad, mi amigo mi dijo de esta chica.

HANNIBAL

Okay, so Al Massey told you about her. That cleans her up, but it doesn't tell us who you are, sonny.

MANNY

I'm the man you so desperately seek, senior. I am Manny Cortez.

HANNIBAL

(to Amy)

I love it when a plan comes together.

There is a beat as he looks at them.

MANNY

(a smile)

Al Massey was my friend also. He told me of the little chica who works with him at the paper. He mentioned your name.

Manny looks at them for a beat, then cuts them loose.

MANNY

I apologize for this, but I am a marked man. Valdez has agents in Acapulco... I must be careful.

AMY

What about Al? Is he okay?

There is a long beat.

MANNY

I cannot say. I do not think so. I have said the prayers in church.

B.A.

Dead?

MANNY

He saved me from this butchering drug peddler Malavida Valdez. Al Massey perhaps gave his life so I could live.
(a beat) This was truly a good man.

Amy starts crying. Manny moves to her.

MANNY

There is a chance he still lives.
There is a chance. We will talk about it tonight.

HANNIBAL

We're staying at the Princess Hotel.

Manny turns and exits the room. As he does we MOVE IN ON the faces of Hannibal, B.A. and, finally, to a CLOSE UP of Amy.

AMY

Please, please don't let him be dead.

Play the beat and we:

CUT TO:

EXT. ACAPULCO PRINCESS - DAY

The airport car pulls up and Amy, B.A., and Hannibal get out. Hannibal sticks his hand out and B.A. slaps the flash roll into it. Face Man, who is just inside the door, moves out to greet them as the Doorman moves to the car.

FACE MAN

(waving doorman off)

These are my people, chickie.

He gives Hannibal a big Hollywood hug.

FACE MAN

Andre... sweetheart. Como esta,
boobala?

He pulls Hannibal along, out of earshot of the doorman.

FACE MAN

(into Hannibal's ear)

Fires burning all over. Joint is packed. Assistant Manager's got his hand out and likes to beat on his help... Got a guy from the Film Commission with a case of the terminal hots...

And they barrel forward through the main doors into the lobby.

INT. PRINCESS HOTEL - DAY

Hannibal and Face Man barrel through the front doors of the hotel, followed by B.A. and a somewhat confused Amy. As they pass into the hotel, Hannibal has his hands up in the classic director's shot-framing pose, thumb-to-thumb, creating a matte box.

HANNIBAL

Hummmm huh... (to B.A.) We'll wanna green this entrance. God, where do they get those scruffy little palm trees?

The Assistant Manager, a man named JOSE RODRIGUEZ, is just moving out across the lobby toward them, just finishing a verbal lashing he's giving to one of the porters.

JOSE

... your break is supposed to be fifteen minutes. Fifteen. Not sixteen. Now I want to see you in my office in ten minutes. Ten. Let's see if you can get that right.

Jose turns, reacts to Hannibal and Face Man and starts across to them. He smiles hesitantly as he approaches.

HANNIBAL

Man... one foul-up after another. I got no help out there this afternoon. Shirley's sick. Wardrobe is still tryin' t'trace two lost crates full a'Bo's ball gowns... I gotta tell ya, bunkey, you're hangin' by a thread with me. I never seen such crappy pre-production in fifteen years a'making boffo blockbusters.

FACE MAN

I'm sorry, Mr. Fisterman. I'm really sorry. (to Jose) Andre Fisterman, I'd like you to meet Jose Rodriguez. He's the assistant manager for the Princess.

HANNIBAL

How ya doin', Jo.

JOSE

Jose, Mr. Fisterman. I'm afraid there's been some kind of mistake. Apparently we were not notified that your motion picture company was expected.

Hannibal stands with his hands on his hips, looking at Face Man, then back to Jose.

HANNIBAL

I hope you're not telling me we got no rooms, Joey, 'cause if that's what you're telling me, I'm gonna raise some hell. The Mexican government pleads with us to come down here and since I got here, it's been one screw-up after another.

On that, Miguel Perez moves up to them, having heard most of what was said. He is a tall, overweight, sweating man.

FACE MAN

Andre, this is Miguel Perez. He's head of the film commission here.

Hannibal looks at him, shakes his head in mild disgust.

HANNIBAL

You're really sinking my boat, Mike. (a beat) I was told this was all gonna be greased. Since I got down here, this morning, ain't one thing been right.

B.A. motions for Amy to follow him off across the lobby.

AMY

I don't believe this.

B.A.

Face Man's got 'em goin'. We're gonna get good digs. Come on, let's get something t'eat.

As they move off toward the hotel coffee shop, we PAN with them and HOLD on Murdock in an alcove where he is playing one of a number of video games. There is a group of kids around him as he battles it out with the SPACE INVADERS.

MURDOCK

C'mon, c'mon, here we go... Vipers at two o'clock...

He hits the fire button, blows the enemy away and:

CUT TO:

ANGLE - THE LOBBY - DAY

Jose moves back to the desk for a hurried conference with the desk clerk.

MIGUEL

Uh, Mr. Fisterman... Andre, if I may, sometimes communication between our office and the States gets a little garbled.

HANNIBAL

(holds up his hand)

Hey, chickie, next thing I'm gonna hear is you didn't even know this ten million dollar film was coming down here.

MIGUEL

Well, now that you mention it...

Face Man looks at Miguel, shakes his head and draws his finger across his throat. Hannibal turns and looks at the lobby, moves his hands up in the matte box motion again, pans the lobby with his arms out in front of him, then shrugs as if he doesn't like it that much.

FACE MAN

Andre... they're trying to clear some rooms for Bo, Farrah, and Loni. Fifteenth floor, ocean side. They're gonna work on getting one for you and, hell, you know me, I can bunk anywhere.

Jose moves up from the desk.

JOSE

I'm afraid I won't be able to help you.
It's such short notice. Mrs. Onderdonk
won't move. We have the Insurance
Convention coming in tonight...

Hannibal looks at Jose for a long beat, studying him
with total concentration.

JOSE

I'm sorry.

Hannibal is lost in heavy thought, then he snaps out of
it.

HANNIBAL

You ever do any acting, Jo?

Jose looks at him. A little smile comes over his face.

JOSE

Uh... no, sir. No. Never.

HANNIBAL

Would you do a nude love scene, Joey?

JOSE

Uh... well... if the part required...

HANNIBAL

(to Face Man)

Is this guy right for El Tigre, or is
he right for El Tigre?

FACE MAN

(evaluating him)

God, Andre... God, is he ever!

HANNIBAL

How tall're you, Joey?

JOSE

Five-eight.

HANNIBAL

(disappointed)

Five eight. Bo is a shade taller.
That's too bad.

JOSE

Uh, actually I'm five-eight and a half,
almost five-nine.

HANNIBAL

(a sigh)

It doesn't really matter. We're sunk anyway. Let's get outta here.

They start to leave and Jose stays with them:

JOSE

Excuse me, sir... uh, if you have a drink, I think I can free one or two rooms.

There is a beat as Hannibal looks at his watch.

HANNIBAL

I'll tell you what, Joey... you get us in and you got the part of El Tigre.

INT. VILLA - DAY

This is the owner's private villa. The door opens and B.A., Murdock and Amy enter.

B.A.

Hannibal...

There is a beat, then Hannibal and Face Man enter from the balcony that overlooks the gorgeous ocean and swaying palm trees. This is truly paradise.

AMY

How much did this cost?

HANNIBAL

Nothing. It's on the house.

FACE MAN

Jose couldn't turn any rooms so we had to settle on the owner's private villa. Everyone's got their own room, you'll find clothing in the bedroom closets. (to Amy) I hadda guess at your size. I figured six dress and a five shoe.

Amy's reaction tells us he hit it right on.

HANNIBAL

Miguel's reading the script. We're gonna need t'fire him up and get him out of there, beating the bushes.

FACE MAN

Rewrites are coming down tomorrow. The blue pages will have most of the scenes that'll contain the equipment we need.

AMY

You guys do this all the time?

FACE MAN

We haven't done the movie company in six months.

AMY

What about the fact you're scamming a legitimate business? Don't you feel bad about the people who run this hotel?

HANNIBAL

They're just making a contribution to the cause... help us find your friend and maybe shut down this guy Valdez. Don't you think a couple a'free rooms is a worthwhile donation? Nobody's getting hurt. (a grin) I hate to give guys like Jose nude parts, though. Especially with bodies like that.

FACE MAN

I wouldn't pay to see it.

Amy picks up a box of flowers on the desk, smells them.

AMY

What do we do next?

HANNIBAL

Tonight we get the story from Manny Cortez, then we scrounge what we need and get outta here. Tomorrow morning I wanna be headed for San Rio Blanco.

Play the beat and:

CUT TO:

CLOSE SHOT - A MAP

It says San Rio Blanco and it's a drawing of the town. A finger comes down on the page and we HEAR Manny Cortez's voice:

MANNY

... Valdez usually comes in from this direction. It's all open out here, so any strategically placed sentry could spot him almost a mile and a half away.

HANNIBAL

You have to have some idea where the marijuana fields are.

MANNY

Somewhere in this area, here. The townspeople who have been forced to work in the fields estimate them to be approximately five miles away which, by jeep, would put it somewhere in this radius. Whenever he takes them out there, they are blindfolded.

MURDOCK

Don't worry. If it's inside a five mile radius, I'll spot it from the air.

HANNIBAL

How secure are these buildings?

MANNY

I wouldn't use them for cover.

HANNIBAL

We're gonna need some armor plating, Face.

B.A.

And a deuce and a half. Maybe a dump truck. Something big.

FACE MAN

(writes it down)

Ten wheeler...

HANNIBAL

Oh yeah. I think maybe we oughta spray that guy's field... a crop duster, some poison... just to get his dander up. I always like it when the mark is angry. They don't think straight. And it'll bring him to us. Make him play on our field.

FACE MAN

(writing)

Poison... a crop duster.

HANNIBAL

Some heavy artillery. A three-inch gun would be nice. Recoilless, if you've got it.

FACE MAN

That's gonna be tough to work into a movie called "Boots and Bikinis."

HANNIBAL

I'll get something. Don't bother Miguel.

MANNY

How you gonna get all this stuff?

FACE MAN

We're not. Miguel is. That is, if Amy'll lend a hand.

AMY

(looks at him squarely)

Just a hand?

Play the beat and:

CUT TO:

EXT. PRINCESS HOTEL - POOL AREA - NIGHT

Amy is walking around the pool with Miguel and Face Man. She is wearing a Danskin top and a sarong tied around her hips that reveals plenty of leg and Miguel is having a hard time keeping his eyes off her. She also carries a script. Face Man has to keep snapping his fingers for Miguel's attention.

FACE MAN

Boobala, you know I'm in some trouble with Andre. I mean, Chickie, my job is hanging by the ol' threadola.

MIGUEL

But, Mister Peck, a crop duster? Three inch metal plating? None of these things were in the script that I read.

FACE MAN

(fixes Amy with a look)

Amy!

AMY

(taps her open script)

It's all in the blues. You did get the blue pages?

Miguel shakes his head, leans in to look at Amy's script. She snaps it closed.

AMY

You were supposed to be on the distribution list for all revisions. I'll straighten that out and just get you Xeroxes of my copy, Mister Perez.

MIGUEL

Miguel. I still don't see... the story I read is about three American blondes who fall in love with a lifeguard, a bull fighter and a Mexican school teacher.

FACE MAN

Okay, Miguel, listen... the first rule in Hollywood is never question the director. Andre has some idea about stickin' in a cornball dream sequence, Bo Derek on the wing of a bi-plane, spraying this field that her lover is standing in. You want my opinion? It's junk. That kinda crud went out with capped teeth. But, he wants it? He gets it.

Miguel looks at Amy who nods in agreement.

MIGUEL

And the armor plating is for what?

FACE MAN

(exasperated)

It's not armor plating, Mike.

AMY

(turns to a page of the script)

It's metal bulkhead for the submarine sequence.

FACE MAN

(holds up his hand)

I know, I know... what submarine? Okay, the lifeguard is being rewritten. He's now a Mexican sub commander. We're doing two scenes where Loni comes aboard his sub.

Amy flips her script and taps those pages.

MIGUEL

We have no submarines in the Mexican navy.

FACE MAN

It's a fluff picture, Mike. The director's a nut bar. Nothin' makes sense in Hollywood, anymore. Just help me, here. Stick with me, boobie. At least I'm not asking you for a lousy cannon.

SMASH CUT

CLOSE SHOT - CANNON IN FRONT OF LIBRARY

It's being pulled off its mounting by a chain. WIDEN to show that the chain is around the back bumper of a car. It crashes down and B.A., Hannibal and Murdock jump out and carry it over, throwing it up on top of the airport control car, making a dent in the roof. Hannibal throws a blanket over it and lashes it down while B.A. and Murdock act as lookouts. They all jump in the car and pull away.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL BUS - DAY

WIPING past camera in the opposite direction. Face Man is driving. It pulls into a small garage where all the stuff they've scrounged is being stored.

INT. GARAGE

Hannibal, Amy and B.A. are there as Face Man pulls in. He jumps out of the bus as B.A. inspects it critically.

B.A.

A bus? What happened t'the ten-wheel truck?

FACE MAN

It's the best I could do on such short notice. I'm working Miguel overtime. We got a line on the armor plating and the crop duster. We're having trouble getting the poison, so I got him working on getting bleach, but he's beginning t'wheeze when he walks.

MURDOCK

Hey, use ammonia. That stuff's terrific.

They look at him and he grins.

HANNIBAL

Okay, look, get the gun aboard. Let's get rolling. Face, you go with Howling Mad, drop the stuff on the field by noon. You got the leaflets.

FACE MAN

He pulls fifty leaflets out of his copy of the movie script.

FACE MAN

Had t'spend some a'Amy's cash on these.

HANNIBAL

This thing ain't gonna make it five miles. Tires is worn through. Sucker could use new rings...

HANNIBAL

B.A., there's nothin' you can't fix. Andre's got real faith in you, boobala.

He smiles at him.

B.A.

When this thing's trailing smoke and woofing out gaskets, Andre ain't gonna be so happy.

As Amy follows B.A. and Hannibal aboard the bus, she taps the script in Face Man's hand.

AMY

Have you ever read this? It's terrible.

She climbs aboard and the doors close. As the bus pulls out:

ANGLE - FACE MAN AND MURDOCK

FACE MAN

Everyone's a critic. (to Murdock) You okay?

MURDOCK

(scratches head)

These little bald spots is beginnin' t'itch. I'd sure like t'get my hands on the guy who did this.

He grins at Face Man who shakes his head and we:

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROADS - DAY

as the yellow school bus groans up the mountain.

INT. SCHOOL BUS

In the back of the bus is an acetylene torch, a three inch gun stolen from the library and stacks of armor plating. Seated beside Hannibal is a big valise with a snap lock. He opens it and we see a fully automatic weapon broken down and stored in fitted slots. He lifts out the sections, inspects them, wipes them down. In b.g., we see Amy in a seat at the rear of the bus. We may or may not catch her talking into her micro-recorder which she then stuffs into her purse. She moves up the aisle and sits down opposite Hannibal.

HANNIBAL

(continues to check his
weapon)

How's it goin'?

AMY

You can get whiplash, you guys move so fast. We barely took off from L.A. twenty-four hours ago.

HANNIBAL

Yeah, sometimes it's hard to catch your breath.

AMY

I can imagine for you guys, that's often.

Hannibal continues to clean his weapon.

HANNIBAL

If you want to ask me something, don't slide up sideways on me.

AMY

(caught)

The reporter in me. I mean... when we were first flying down here, I really thought you guys were crazy... maybe you still are. But everything you do seems to come out, in a real, bass-ackwards kinda way.

HANNIBAL
(big smile)
Isn't that great?

AMY
Nothing about you is as it appears...
like when I first met Templeton Peck, I
figured he was one of those real
lookers with a fast line for anything
in a skirt and... well...

HANNIBAL
And you're wondering why he hasn't hit
on you?

AMY
Yeah.

HANNIBAL
Look, honey, a client's a client. And
he doesn't come from there.

AMY
And what about you, John 'Hannibal'
Smith? Where do you come from?

HANNIBAL
Actually, I'm a rancher.

AMY
A rancher? As in rope 'em an' brand
'em?

HANNIBAL
Got over two hundred acres and more
head a'cow than people can drink milk.
I mis ridin' out t'the north forty on
Sunday mornings... sitting on top of
ol' Topper, just lookin' out across my
spread. A place I call home.

Amy looks at him a beat, then the corner of her mouth
curls.

AMY
You're not a rancher. That's all bull.

Hannibal looks at her and shrugs.

HANNIBAL
(wistfully)
It's nice though.

Hannibal goes back to stowing his weapon. He smiles at
her. Amy can't help smiling back. Play the beat and:

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROADS - DAY

as the yellow school bus continues up the mountain, we will begin a SONG written especially for The A Team, a song about adventures on a trek to save a town.

INT. SCHOOL BUS

As the SONG CONTINUES, we CUT from SHOTS of Hannibal to Amy to B.A., and finally end up on Manny Cortez. All of them are lost in their own thoughts as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SAN RIO BLANCO

We are back where it all began. The bus lumbers up the hill and into the town with steam coming out of the radiator.

INT. BUS

B.A. pulls it to a stop. We see through the windows that a few people are walking in the streets. One by one, doors of the buildings open and the Mexican villagers exit to see what is happening.

MANNY

I was born in this town. My family has lived here for two hundred years. These people are good.

HANNIBAL

I hope they're brave, 'cause if we're gonna run off a crowd of bandits, we're gonna need some help.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. TOWN HALL

The crowded room is BUZZING with men from the town. ON the cut, A MAN (PEDRO) stands up INTO SHOT, his face is bruised and purple.

PEDRO

No! How many more of you want to be beaten by that maniac or those pigs who ride with him?

ANGLE - FRONT OF THE ROOM

where ENRIQUE SALIZON resides with a gavel. Manny, Hannibal, B.A. and Amy are here.

MANNY

If you don't fight back, he'll continue to beat you! How long can this go on?

MAN

(to the room)

He's right. Our fathers would spit on us. We have been cowards. It is better to fight and die than to run like children.

HANNIBAL

We are here because we are friends of Al Massey's. You listened to him once. He tried to help you.

PEDRO

He was dragged from this town by Malavida Valdez. I, for one, do not wish to fight. We are not soldiers.

HANNIBAL

I'm a soldier.

PEDRO

We are not strong enough.

The room breaks into loud arguments. B.A. stands up and looks at the room. He is an angry, glowering presence. The room falls silent.

B.A.

What you sayin'? You gonna let this man beat on your heads? There ain't nothin' in this world worth losin' your pride for. Life doesn't mean nothin' 'less you can hold your head high. I come from a place where the rats is big as alley cats. I got no money an' no house, but brother, ain't nobody ever messed in my mud. (a beat) Look't you... sittin' here lookin' at your shoes, moanin' 'bout this fat, dumb bandit... (a beat) I s'pose I can understand one man runnin' scared... but a whole town? A whole village? You people might as well be dead.

He turns and walks out of the room, slamming the door open. There is silence in the room.

MANNY

I call for a vote. All those who would drive this bandit from our town, raise their hands.

ANGLE - THE ROOM

No hands... then one hand goes up, then another...

SHOTS OF FACES

One by one, their courage seems to build. Another hand, then another, and another. Manny counts them up one by one. Finally, well over half of the room has its hands up. They're getting to their feet. There is a chorus of mixed voices, in Spanish and English.

VOICES

We can do it. We can drive him out.
It's about time we became men.

The chorus builds. Amy and Hannibal are standing there with smiles on their faces.

AMY

You're right. He really does grow on you.

A beat, and we:

CUT TO:

A MONTAGE OF THE PEOPLE OF SAN RIO BLANCO

readying themselves for the return of Malavida Valdez. This should all be accompanied by MUSIC, hopefully what will be The A Team theme. It should be a swelling musical piece, not unlike the theme from The Magnificent Seven.

Welding torches firing up.

Manny and Amy passing out automatic weapons and rounds of ammo.

Hannibal opening his valise, removing his automatic weapon, and assembling it.

The three-inch gun from the library having the cement drilled out of it.

Hannibal on rooftops, checking vantage points.

The armor plating being cut and welded (although we're not quite sure exactly what is going on).

B.A. backing the bus into the barn Massey was in during the opening scene. Part way in the bus breaks down.

B.A. and some townspeople - including a number of kids - pushing the bus into the barn and, as the theme MUSIC ends, we come out of this sequence with:

AMY

moving toward the barn, wiping the perspiration from her brow and stretching her weary muscles. As she moves to the barn's open doors she sees B.A. over the open hood of the bus and a number of children of San Rio Blanco crowded around him. They are handing him ratchets and wrenches as he points them out. B.A. looks up as Amy approaches. The kids at B.A.'s side all crowd together to give him the next wrench he points to.

AMY

Got yourself some help, huh?

B.A.

I like kids.

AMY

And they seem to like you, too. Guess they're not fooled by that habitual scowl you're always wearing... like some kind of protective shield?

B.A.

The way I am is the way I am. If I scare people, well... it gives me room.

AMY

But how can you work with people... or how can they work with you if they're afraid you'll rip their tongues out if they say the wrong thing to you?

B.A.

(laughs)

You talkin' 'bout Hannibal? He ain't afraid a'nothin'!

AMY

Does he have some kind of death wish?

B.A.

Naw, he's just got the jazz, that's all. Hannibal's got the jazz.

AMY

The jazz?

B.A.

He's been livin' on the edge since I known him. He's one crazy hooked-together dude... You never know where he's gonna come from or how he's gonna move on ya. That's what kept him alive through Nam. Kept me an' the others alive too.

Amy is silent for a moment while he works.

AMY

Why do you do it?

B.A.

For the jazz! It's like walkin' into a casino in Vegas, layin' down your bucks an' hittin' on the first roll. You can't walk away. You just can't. You know you can beat 'em. You know it, 'cause you done it.

AMY

That's not the same thing.

B.A.

Sure is. You'll see. If you want this guy Valdez bad enough, an' we get 'im, you'll feel it. Wait an' see. You just wait an' see.

HOLD on Amy, and:

DISSOLVE TO:

THE MORNING SKY

beautiful, the sun rising in the distance. And now the SOUND of a plane and what starts as a speck on the horizon becomes a single prop bi-plane. As it draws closer, we HEAR Murdock's MUSIC getting louder and louder.

INT. PLANE - FACE MAN AND MURDOCK

Murdock with headphones and music. Face Man sits up front, leaning out over the side. He sees a huge marijuana field below.

FACE MAN

Okay. That's it. Hit 'em with the ammonia.

Face Man waves his arm wildly for Murdock to circle the field again. Murdock rolls the plane over and down. One of Valdez's men is in the field carrying an automatic weapon.

ON MARIJUANA FIELDS

as the plane passes overhead, spraying its tankloads of Lysol. The plants get drenched by the burning fluid. One of the guards in the fields panics, runs out and looks skyward. He takes a face full of Lysol that sends him COUGHING and RETCHING, unable to train his gun.

ON THE FIELD

as the guard ducks for over and the crop duster skims the top of the fields. A flutter of pamphlets come raining down.

THE GUARDS

on the ground. They look at their dying crops. One of them moves to a couple of the pamphlets that were dumped during the crop duster's last pass. He reads it.

CLOSE SHOT - PAMPHLET

It simply reads in Spanish: "Courtesy of the town of San Rio Blanco."

EXT. SAN RIO BLANCO - DAY

The streets are completely empty. The crop duster comes winging in and lands right in the center of town. As it taxis along the main street:

EXT. BARN DOORS

They fly open and B.A. and Hannibal race toward the plane with a fifty caliber machine gun. Amy moves after them.

ANGLE - FACE MAN AND MURDOCK

FACE MAN

I get this? How come?

HANNIBAL

Ever since World War II, control the air and you've practically won the war.

They slam the machine gun on the nose of the plane.

FACE MAN
Won't we shoot the prop off?

B.A.
(holds up bicycle chain)
That's what this is for, man. Timing
chain... gun fires through the blades
of the prop.

FACE MAN
(to Murdock)
Is he nuts?

MURDOCK
(grinning)
No, I'm nuts. He's just an angry mud
sucker.

B.A. quickly bolts the gun on, attaching the chain to
the cam, and we:

CUT TO:

EXT. SAN RIO BLANCO - DAY - HIGH ANGLE THROUGH THE BELL TOWER

This should be the exact same shot that opened the film.
We HEAR the sounds of the jeeps drawing closer, kicking
up clouds of dust. The CAMERA starts down, down, down,
until we are just above ground level and the lead jeep,
with Malavida Valdez on point, screeches INTO SHOT.

ANGLE - VALDEZ

He stands up and screams at the empty street.

VALDEZ
You think you can spit on me!? I will
have your stinkin' lives for this! You
can't hide - not from Malavida Valdez!!

Valdez turns to Paco and gestures off at the bell tower.
Paco raises his automatic rifle and fires.

ANGLE - DOWN THE STREET

The bell starts RINGING from the blast and bullets
RICOCHET hollowly down the empty street. The last
reverberations die and, for a long beat, there is
silence. Valdez looks around for any sign.

ON VALDEZ'S JEEP

There is a sudden EXPLOSION of return fire that bites at the ground around the jeep. Valdez and his men are completely stunned for a moment, then they dive for cover as the BULLETS riddle the radiators on a couple of vehicles.

CLOSE ON VALDEZ

hunkered down for protection, covered with shards of glass from the blown out windshield. Now a VOICE comes to him from across the empty town:

HANNIBAL (V.O.)
Hey, greaseball, up here.

Valdez peers up over his shattered windscreen, pushes his hat back and smiles. He slowly rises, looks around:

ANGLE - HANNIBAL SMITH

He is in the bell tower, the automatic rifle held loosely in the crook of his arm. Malavida Valdez stands up and looks up at Hannibal.

VALDEZ
Hey, muchacho, why you shoot at Malavida?

HANNIBAL
Because you're a rotten piece a-crud who should be hung by your heels in a vat of pig slop!

Valdez looks at him for a long beat.

VALDEZ
You gonna make me angry, gringo.

HANNIBAL
You ain't smart enough to get angry. You're just mean an' stupid.

Valdez looks at him, trying to judge the situation.

VALDEZ
One man alone in a bell tower? You have the high position, but you are alone... maybe I take a grenade and blow your house down.

Hannibal looks at him.

HANNIBAL

I'm not alone.

He takes up a walkie talkie.

HANNIBAL

Give this gonzo a haircut.

And the crop duster banks over the hill, makes a low pass right down the center of town, two feet above Malavida Valdez. The plane screams overhead and Valdez and his men duck as it passes and climbs at the far end of town and does a lazy-8 holding pattern. Valdez looks up at the bi-plane.

VALDEZ

Senor, you make the big mistake with me. There is no need for us to be enemies. This town is full of men with no heart. You and I, maybe we make a deal. Maybe you come down from there and we talk.

HANNIBAL

Here's the deal... you give me Al Massey, then turn your jeeps around and get out of town.

Valdez looks at him for a long beat.

VALDEZ

And if I say no?

HANNIBAL

Then I turn you into a taco dinner. You got thirty seconds, meathead, then we start blasting.

They look at each other in silence. Play the moment for as long as possible. Malavida is definitely off balance by Hannibal's attitude, but he has his pride.

VALDEZ

(calling)

No deal, senor. Hasta luego.

And he turns his weapon on the tower and fires a clip of slugs up at Hannibal.

THE SCHOOL BUS

explodes out of the barn, only now it's not just a school bus, but an armor-plated, fully mounted war wagon painted black. The bus roars out and skids around in

the street, the engine turning over - RUMBLE, RUMBLE, RUMBLE.

CLOSE ON THE THREE INCH GUN

mounted on the roof, a hole cut out for a gunner to see through. All the windows on the side of the bus are armor-plated with gun sights cut out and half a dozen gun barrels are visible through them. They start FIRING.

BACK TO HANNIBAL

as he jumps out of the bell tower and lands on a hay wagon, rolls out of it and runs for the bus as tracers kick up the dirt at his feet. He gets to the bus, climbs in on the move.

INT. BUS

Manny Cortez and Amy Allen are in the bus along with five or six men from the town with weapons pointed out of the slit windows. B.A. is behind the wheel, as Hannibal comes inside.

THE CHASE

taking the very same route we saw in the opening sequence when Massey was being pursued -- only this time Valdez is getting his tail shot off. He stands in the lead jeep looking back and watching as the bus keeps on coming and:

HANNIBAL

pulls the bell cord. On the signal, B.A., stops the bus and Hannibal fires. Again the whole bus jumps and the rear jeep of Valdez's fleeing column goes rolling over and down into the ravine where Manny Cortez landed. The men look up as the war bus barrels past, squirting bullets.

EXT. CROP DUSTER - DAY

It makes low passes overhead, the fifty caliber gun on the nose is FIRING away mercilessly. Murdock is SINGING and Face Man is clearing the machine gun and FIRING long bursts.

CLOSE SHOTS - BICYCLE CHAIN

It slips a notch.

RESUME MURDOCK AND FACE MAN

Face Man lets out another stream of bullets and we hear a PINGING sound.

EXT. VALDEZ'S JEEPS - DAY

Valdez looks back, smiling in triumph as he sees the bus losing ground. Then a rapid BURST of machine gun fire from the bi-plane ahead of them causes the jeep's driver to veer sharply, almost throwing Valdez out of the jeep.

VALDEZ

Caramba!

CROP DUSTER

takes another dive at the fleeing jeeps and Face Man lets loose with another barrage of fire. Again we HEAR ping-ping-ping as the shots are fired. Face Man frowns. He fires again -- ping-ping-ping! He turns and looks at Murdock.

FACE MAN

Hey... do you hear that?

MURDOCK

(unconcerned)

Sounds like the bullets hitting the prop. Timing chain slipped.

FACE MAN

Hitting the prop?! We'll shoot it off!

MURDOCK

(nods)

Gotta go with the flow, baby. Hang on, I'm making another run.

And Murdock banks the plane again and --

VALDEZ'S JEEPS

The crop duster continues to strafe them. The column comes skidding around into the same box canyon where Massey got trapped. The driver of Valdez's jeep screeches to a stop.

THE WAR BUS

comes rumbling in and slews sideways, covering the men who throw up their hands to surrender. Valdez climbs shakily to his feet. Hannibal climbs up on the top of the bus and lights up his cigar stub. The men in the bus are CHEERING.

HANNIBAL

You're outta dirt road and good luck,
greaseball. Put the guns down.

As he and a pissed Valdez face off...

THE CROP DUSTER

wings its way across again and Face Man is looking down
at the scene below.

ANGLE - MURDOCK

He sees something on a ridge that overlooks the box
canyon. He taps Face Man on the shoulder and points
down.

SHOTS OF

ARMORED TANKS, HALF TRACK TANKS, A HUNDRED MEN IN JEEPS,
all uniformed and parked on the ledge above the bus.

MURDOCK

What the hell is that?

FACE MAN

Holey moley, who are those guys?

He picks up his walkie talkie and triggers it.

FACE MAN

(into walkie talkie)

Hannibal. Ridge above you. If they're
unfriendly, you're in trouble.

INT. BUS

Hannibal looks up, so does B.A.

HANNIBAL'S POV - ARMORED DIVISION

sitting up on the ledge, all its guns trained on the
school bus.

INT. BUS

B.A.

Oh, man!

And he hits the gears and starts hauling ass out of
there, but they haven't got a chance. The three inch
guns start opening up from the ridge.

CROP DUSTER

makes a low pass over the armored division, machine guns FIRING.

CLOSE ON TIMING CHAIN

RATTLING a mile a minute and we see it suddenly jerk a couple more links out of synch and now the gun is actually just blowing the propeller to pieces.

INT. THE PLANE

Face Man sees the prop disintegrating before his eyes.

MURDOCK

Good-bye, sweet prince.

And the crop duster angles down and off into the distance, beyond the ridge of the canyon and out of sight.

ON THE BUS

It hasn't a chance as they are surrounded by a number of armored vehicles and an anti-tank gun FIRES. The bus takes it in the side and goes over.

INT. THE BUS

Everyone goes flying pell mell on top of one another. Hannibal struggles to his feet. B.A. quickly grabs hold of Amy and pulls her to his side.

B.A.

You okay?

AMY

Yeah. Yeah. I'm fine.

HANNIBAL

(into walkie talkie)

Face Man! You there! Get help! They took us!

ON THE CROP DUSTER

diving toward the ground. No answer from Face Man or Murdock. They have their hands full with a dead stick landing in a corn field. The plane bounces to stop and Murdock and Face Man jump out and run into a large stand of trees. They have gotten away.

INT. BUS - ON HANNIBAL

as there is suddenly a barrage of GUNFIRE outside -- RICOCHETING wildly off the side of the bus. It sounds like they're inside a tin drum.

VALDEZ (V.O.)

Come out, senor! Come out and see what I have for you now.

EXT. BUS - DAY

The door to the bus, which is topside now, flies open. A white T-shirt is held out as a sign of surrender. Hannibal stands up through the open door. He places the cigar between his teeth and looks around:

HIS POV - VALDEZ AND THE ARMY

And these guys are not a rag tag fleet of greasy assholes -- these guys are well equipped, trained guerrillas.

BACK TO HANNIBAL

as he tries on his best smile.

HANNIBAL

You sure know how to throw a party, neighbor!

EXT. CRUMBLING OLD FORT - DAY

A two story adobe structure with an open courtyard. You would expect to see Sam Houston and Davy Crocket guarding the battlements -- but instead the courtyard is filled with dozens of modern military vehicles: half-tracks, troop carriers, deuce and halves. The front gates are opened and the column of vehicles rolls in with Hannibal, B.A., Amy, Manny and the other prisoners. They are motioned out of the jeeps at gunpoint and led off through a doorway. As they are hustled along, they take in the size of the operation.

INT. CORRIDOR - ROW OF CELLS

They are trouped in and an armed sentry begins to unlock cell doors and push each of them inside. Valdez moves into a cell which is occupied by Al Massey.

VALDEZ

You want Meester Massey. He no look too good today.

Amy runs to the cell and looks through the bars. Massey tries to sit up on his cot but has been too badly beaten. One of the guards opens the cell door and puts Amy inside with Massey. She runs to him and hugs him to her.

AMY

Al... It's Amy. What have they done to you?

MASSEY

(through his pain)

Amy...! Amy, what... wha're you...?

VALDEZ

She come to rescue you, Massey. They all come down to rescue you. I think you should hire some better peoples next time, no?

The others are all ushered into the remaining cells but Valdez stops Hannibal.

VALDEZ

No. Not you, gringo. We have some talking to do.

Hannibal is ushered out of there.

CLOSE SHOT - COL. FLORES

He is tall, good looking and rugged. This is a crisp, humorless guerrilla soldier. He is looking at CAMERA.

FLORES

So, you are the man who has been causing Senor Valdez so much trouble.

WIDEN to show that Hannibal is being interrogated in one of the large rooms. This is Col. Flores' chamber where maps and military regalia abound. Hannibal is in a chair, a man with a weapon stands on either side of him. Malavida Valdez is in the b.g., grinning.

HANNIBAL

It doesn't take much to cause him trouble. He keeps tripping over his I.Q.

Valdez's face goes dark with anger.

VALDEZ

And who is captured? Who is the man about to die?

HANNIBAL

Don't book that one yet, greaseball.

On that, one of the men steps forward and slaps him.

HANNIBAL

Give us a kiss, muchacho.

There is a beat.

FLORES

My guess is you don't know what's going on here, anyway... that you are no threat to us at all.

HANNIBAL

Oh, yeah, I think I got the game down... Malavida, here, he's the tax man. He's been running around, shaking down these little mountain villages, making them grow his marijuana, selling it to U.S. importers... taking a cut and dropping the money in your lap. (a beat) How's it sound so far?

Flores moves away, turning his back on Hannibal.

HANNIBAL

Bullseye, right? And you use the money to finance your little guerrilla operation, second hand weapons, tanks, half tanks... and you're up here, in the hills, trying to learn how to do column maneuvers without running over each other's hats.

Flores spins around, glares at Hannibal.

FLORES

You have a pretty irritating manner, senior.

HANNIBAL

Yeah. I know. I been working on my personality... read Don Rickles book, an' everything. Nothing seems to be helping.

FLORES

How many people know about it? About us?

HANNIBAL

Hey, pal, if I was you, I'd pull out the camouflage netting. It's in the paper in Acapulco. Manny Cortez, he works for the News Syndicate Al Massey is with. Amy Allen is with the L.A. Courier. Then, there's me and B.A., and the two guys in the crop duster. You got a real public relations problem here.

FLORES

And you are dead.

HANNIBAL

It's been tried before, pal. Right now, the Mexican army is on its way up here. You better dig your cannons out of the mud, 'cause you're running out of time.

There is a moment.

FLORES

The Mexican Army?

SMASH CUT

CLOSE SHOT - MIGUEL PEREZ

He is looking at CAMERA

MIGUEL

The Mexican Army?

FACE MAN

Yeah, the Mexican Army. What's the big deal, chickie?

We WIDEN to see that we are in the Acapulco Film Commission and Perez is looking at Face Man who has a black eye from the crash. Murdock is leaning against the wall with his hands in his pockets.

MIGUEL

But, this script I read... is nothing in there about the army. These things take time.

FACE MAN

(getting mad)

Look, Miguel, you want it straight?
I'll give it straight. I'm real, real
disappointed with this film commission.
I've seen the ads you guys run in the
Hollywood trade papers... "Come to
Mexico," "Film in Splendor," all that
bueno, mi compadres junk. Since I got
down here, Mike, nothing but complaints
and arguments... I guess that does it.
No sixteen million dollar bonanza for
ol' Me-hi-co. We're outta here.

There is a beat and we:

CUT TO:

EXT. CRUMBLING FORT - DAY

A number of armed men move about the compound.

INT. THE CELL AREA - ANGLE THROUGH BARS ON HANNIBAL

staring out a window at the men in the courtyard. The
others sit or mill about their cells. Amy is keeping a
watchful eye on Massey. Manny moves over and checks out
Massey who has broken out in a sweat.

MANNY

How is he?

AMY

Bad. He's got a fever. He could be
bleeding inside.

Amy dumps the contents of her purse on the cot and finds
a package of tissues. She dabs at Massey's perspiring
brow.

ON HANNIBAL

looking at the strewn contents of Amy's purse.

HANNIBAL

That a tweezer?

AMY

Wha...?

HANNIBAL

That tweezer. Lemme have it. And the
mascara and the rest of your makeup
kit.

Amy tosses the stuff to Hannibal.

B.A.

Comin' outta the closet, Hannibal?

Hannibal isn't listening. He sits down on his bunk, dumps the contents of Amy's makeup case onto the cot. He checks himself out in a mirror, then uses a small scissor she has to start snipping little hairs off his own scalp. Using the tweezers, Hannibal takes the tiny hairs and begins to lay them on his chin, pasting them on with nail glue. Play this for a couple beats, then:

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. CELL - CLOSE ON B.A.

And he's laughing so hard, he's almost crying. He leans against the wall, slamming his fist against the concrete as he continues to roar.

CLOSE ON AMY

And she's laughing too. She just can't help herself and she's hugging her side and sitting down on the cot in her cell because he's weak from giddiness.

ANGLE - ARMED SENTRY

enters the cell area, attracted by the raucous laughter.

SENTRY

Que pasa?

But B.A. and Amy just keep on laughing and pointing, pissing the guard off more and more, until finally he looks at what they're trying to show him.

ANGLE - HANNIBAL'S CELL

And someone inside the cell, just climbing up off the floor, one hand to his head. The man is dressed like one of Valdez' rag tag minions and he mumbles apologetically in Espanol. He holds a bent food tray in one hand, broken cups and plates are on the floor.

SENTRY

Que te paso?

MEXICAN IN CELL

(in Spanish)

He... I was bringing the food and... he hit me...

SENTRY
Pendejo! Estupidio!

The sentry puts the key in the lock and opens the cell. As soon as he does, the Mexican in the cell turns on him and hits him square in the face with the tray.

CLOSE SHOT - THE MEXICAN

You guessed it. It's Hannibal, made up with Amy's make-up... layered-on beard, darkened skin. He looks like one of Malavida's bandits. He grabs the sentry's key, throws it to B.A.

HANNIBAL
Here ya go, B.A., get 'em unlocked.
I'll check the yard.

Hannibal ducks down the corridor as B.A. lets out Amy, Manny and the others. Amy checks Al who is still barely conscious.

AMY
He can't walk...

MANNY
We'll carry him.

EXT. THE COMPOUND - DAY

Hannibal makes his way along a line of trucks. He peers in the back of one. It's empty and can handle them all. He starts to back away when someone grabs his shoulder and spins him around. It is another GUARD. Hannibal is trying to come up with a reason for his presence when the guard is struck from behind and goes down like a sack of heavy water. B.A. moves up to Hannibal.

B.A.
Can we get outta here now?

HANNIBAL
Get this one started. I'll dump
Francisco in the bushes.

B.A. inches around to the front of the truck, carefully opens the driver door and slides in, keeping below windshield level. Hannibal hustles the others into the rear of the truck and drops the canvas backing. He then starts to drag the unconscious guard off to the side behind a pile of crates.

INT. TRUCK - B.A.

busily hot wires the truck. The truck's ENGINE grinds, grinds, grinds, grinds, but won't turn over.

B.A.
Come on, mama...

It keeps on GRINDING.

ON A NUMBER OF ARMED MEN

as they all turn and look out over the courtyard -- it's hard to tell which of the trucks is being started. They start forward.

ON HANNIBAL

He reacts to the SOUND of the grinding engine. Looks around for some answer -- spots the words stenciled on the box of crates beside him: GRENADES. On his smile:

THE TRUCK

The engine CATCHES, B.A. sits up, clearly visible to everyone in the compound. He rams the gears home and starts to roll.

B.A.
(out the window)
C'mon, Colonel!

The soldiers are racing around the front of the truck, cutting B.A. off. The soldiers take dead aim at B.A. through the windshield, but never have a chance to fire as Hannibal rounds the rear of the truck and lets fly a hand GRENADE. The soldiers dive for cover.

VALDEZ AND FLORES

explode into the courtyard as Hannibal jumps onto the running board of the truck which gathers speed and barrels toward the front gates.

VALDEZ
Shoot! Shoot! Kill them!

Valdez and Flores race for their vehicles as do a number of other men.

THE STOLEN TRUCK

crashes through the front gates and keeps on going. Hannibal gives B.A. the high sign, then checks behind to see:

THE GUERRILLA ARMY

coming after them as vehicle after vehicle comes racing out through the broken gateway.

THE CHASE

with B.A. driving to beat the band, Hannibal pulling pins and sending GRENADES flying to blow out tires, land inside jeeps, causing men to leap out and let the vehicles blow.

INT. THE TRUCK

HANNIBAL

They're closing!

B.A.

They got us!

HANNIBAL

You never know...

B.A.

I do. We're almost outta gas!

HANNIBAL

Outta gas!? Why'd you pick a truck with no gas!?

B.A.

(pissed off)

'Cause I liked the paint job!

THE TRUCK AND PURSUING VEHICLES

with Flores and Valdez in the command cars. They're gaining and they know it. And now, the truck with Hannibal and crew goes blowing right back into the box canyon where they got nailed earlier and:

ANGLE - TRUCK

it comes roaring down the hill towards a Huey with the insignia of the Mexican Army emblazoned on the side. B.A. screeches the truck to a halt and Hannibal leaps out as Face Man crosses to greet him.

HANNIBAL

Hey, great, Face... you brought the cavalry! Where's the rest of the guys?

FACE MAN

Whoa, Hannibal, sorry... I couldn't get the Army. (the helicopter) I managed to wrangle a camera ship and a dozen AR-15s as props...

HANNIBAL

That'd be great if we had the men to use 'em. We've got a whole guerrilla band chompin' at our tails...

FACE MAN

Voila!

And he hauls the door open to the Huey and the men from the town of San Rio Blanco pile out.

FACE MAN

I stopped back at the San Rio Blanco t'see if you turned up. They insisted on coming to look for you.

HANNIBAL

Let's go! (pointing) I want you, you, and you. Take cover over by those rocks. Let's set up a perimeter along that ridge right there.

And as Hannibal, Face Man and B.A. hand out weapons and the men take their positions:

CUT TO:

ANGLE - GUERRILLA FORCE - DAY

with Flores in the lead jeep. They come barreling down into the box canyon and are caught completely off guard by the battery of fire-power that unleashes on them.

THE HUEY HELICOPTER

Hannibal and Murdock leap aboard, Murdock grabbing the controls and lifting off.

B.A., FACE MAN AND AMY

jump back into the truck B.A. stole earlier and take off after the fleeing guerrilla column, Face Man and Amy using the remaining hand grenades confiscated by Hannibal.

SERIES OF SHOTS - THE CAPTURE

as the A Team, with the help of the people of San Rio Blanco, round up the confused guerrilla force.

FLORES AND VALDEZ

manage to find an opening at the head of their fleeing column and slip through, trying to make a run for it.

ON THE CHOPPER WITH HANNIBAL AND MURDOCK

Hannibal is hanging out the open hatch, his automatic weapon FIRING away. He spots the escaping jeep and slaps Murdock on the back.

HANNIBAL

A couple a'guests are leaving early!

Murdock banks the chopper, cutting right across the fleeing jeep -- Hannibal lets loose a long burst from his weapon and Flores ducks as Valdez throws up his arms in surrender, screaming "I give up" in Spanish.

THE HUEY

lands, cutting off the guerrillas. Hannibal and Murdock jump to the ground as B.A.'s truck rumbles to a halt, B.A., Face Man and Amy climbing out to watch the capture.

THE ROUNDUP

of the guerrilla force by the townspeople. Among them is Flores and Valdez. Hannibal moves up to Valdez. He is sweating bullets now that he is at the mercy of the people he had terrorized.

HANNIBAL

You better have one helluva apology handy.

He taps him on the cheek and he moves back to Amy and the others. Al Massey is being loaded onto a stretcher. Amy looks at them.

AMY

You did it! You saved him. How do I thank you?

PEDRO

How do we all thank you?

HANNIBAL
(grins)
Anybody got a beer?

And Face Man produces one from out of nowhere. HOLD ON their startled expressions.

EXT. ACAPULCO AIRPORT - DAY

We're out on the tarmac behind the main terminals. In b.g., we see an open hangar and the Gulf Stream visible inside. The airport ground car pulls up INTO SHOT.

INT. CAR

Amy is here with Hannibal, Face Man and Murdock. B.A. is at the wheel. Seeing the airfield, B.A. slams on the brakes.

B.A.
I ain't goin' on no plane!

As the car jams to a halt, Amy's purse falls over and a little tape recorder spills out into Hannibal's lap. He picks it up, looks at it quizzically.

HANNIBAL
What's this?

He turns it on.

AMY'S VOICE
(recorder)
... living on the jazz. Four restless romantics who live on the fault line... the edge of society which is the only place left where they can survive...

HANNIBAL
What's this?... the last reel of a Disney movie?

AMY
I... I wasn't going to tell you this, but I've decided to do a story on you guys.

B.A.
A story?

HANNIBAL
Forget it, Amy. It ain't gonna happen.

AMY

I know, I know, but... look, what you guys're doing is important. I mean, you saved Al... you caught those terrorists and, well, everybody is against you... the government is after you. You gotta hide. I just think it's a helluva story. (quickly) I won't publish it 'til you've cleared yourselves.

HANNIBAL

You won't publish it, period. You think we're looking t'be Book of The Month Club celebrities? You gotta be nuts, lady.

MURDOCK

I keep telling everyone I'm the one who's nuts. Let's keep that straight. Okay? I got my whole room an' board thing resting on that one fact.

AMY

B.A. was telling me about jazz... and, well, I think I caught the fever.

HANNIBAL

So?

AMY

You let me in, or I write the book and blow your cover.

FACE MAN

You gotta give her one thing... she's a tough little shiksa.

AMY

Besides, I could help you guys with lotsa stuff. I have the paper. I have influence. I have the computer at the paper to research stuff. I have the First Amendment to hide behind.

Hannibal pulls a loaded syringe from his pocket.

HANNIBAL

We'll talk about it once we're in the air.

B.A.

I said I ain't goin' on no plane, Hannibal!

Hannibal slaps B.A. on the back with the Novocain.

HANNIBAL
Come on, be a sport!

B.A. grabs his hands.

B.A.
Gotcha!

Amy uses the chance to snatch the hypodermic from Hannibal's lap and drives it home. B.A. never feels it as he struggles with Hannibal.

B.A.
You ain't gonna get me this time! No, sir! No way, sucker!

HANNIBAL
B.A., I wouldn't try an' fool you.

B.A.
Don't do now dog pound shuffle on me, Hannibal! I... (blinks his eyes) I... I...

And B.A. pitches over, out cold. Amy hands the needle back to Hannibal with a smile. Hannibal smiles back: you're all right, kid. And right now, Colonel Lynch exits the Gulf Stream with Sanchez, the Ground Control Officer.

CLOSER - LYNCH

He is by the Gulf Stream, parading back and forth talking to Sanchez, not noticing the car parked a short distance away.

LYNCH
... traced it from L.A. They scammed it off a jet saleslady.

SANCHEZ
We can't release the plane. It's being held until we can find the pilot.

LYNCH
Okay. I'm gonna post a man aboard, in case they come back for it.

RESUME AMY, HANNIBAL, FACE MAN AND THE UNCONSCIOUS B.A.
in the car. Amy looks at them for a beat.

AMY

Let's just take it. There's only two of them. You're wanted anyway. We'll lock him in the trunk and fly outta here.

They all look at one another.

HANNIBAL

Why is it that some of the best plans are the simplest? Let's go. Murdock, stay outta sight till we take care of Lynch.

They roll across the tarmac to the airplane, pull up and get out.

HANNIBAL

Thank you for the use of the car, Mr. Sanchez. Sorry about that little dent in the roof, but we had the cannon from the library up there.

Lynch's face goes long.

HANNIBAL

How ya' doin' Lynch? Excuse us, we're gonna take this plane. We gotta get back to the U.S.A.

LYNCH

You're under arrest, Colonel. I place you, all of you, under arrest.

HANNIBAL

Only thing is we were just about to lock you in the trunk of the car.

Lynch goes for his gun and, as soon as he makes his move, Hannibal and Face Man hit him. He goes down, the gun sprawling. They grab him, kicking and screaming, open the trunk of the airport car and stick him inside. Amy grabs the key and locks the trunk. Hannibal POUNDS on the trunk.

HANNIBAL

Nice seein' ya again, Colonel. How's everything back at Fort Bragg?

A KICKING sound from the trunk. They open the back door of the car, lift B.A. out of the car and carry him past a startled Sanchez, up the ramp and into the plane. He can't believe what's happening. Face Man stops at the foot of the ramp and looks at Sanchez.

FACE MAN

Sadly, our pilot died. We're taking his body back to Washington for full military burial. Hang in there. You guys run a helluva airport.

He's up the ramp and the engines are revving.

EXT. GULF STREAM

as it makes it run down the runway. We will HEAR the tower screaming in Spanish over this shot... Who is this nut? He doesn't have clearance for takeoff! It pulls off the runway and skyward.

INT. GULF STREAM

They all sit there grinning as Amy fastens the straps on B.A, She pats him gently on the cheek.

AMY

(a smile)

I love this jazz...

HANNIBAL

What's your full name, kid?

AMY

Amy Amanda Allen.

HANNIBAL

The triple A.

AMY

Sounds like somebody who belongs in a unit called The A Team.

Hannibal gives her a look that says, we'll see. There is a beat, then we hear Murdock scream:

MURDOCK

Yaaaaa hoooooo!

And the plane barrel rolls and on the FREEZE FRAME they're all upside down. HOLD on this for a beat and:

FADE OUT

THE END

